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A BOOK OF  
FIRESIDE POEMS

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*Compiled and  
Edited by*

WILLIAM R. BOWLIN



*A LAIRD & LEE PUBLICATION*

ALBERT  WHITMAN  
& CO.  
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1937

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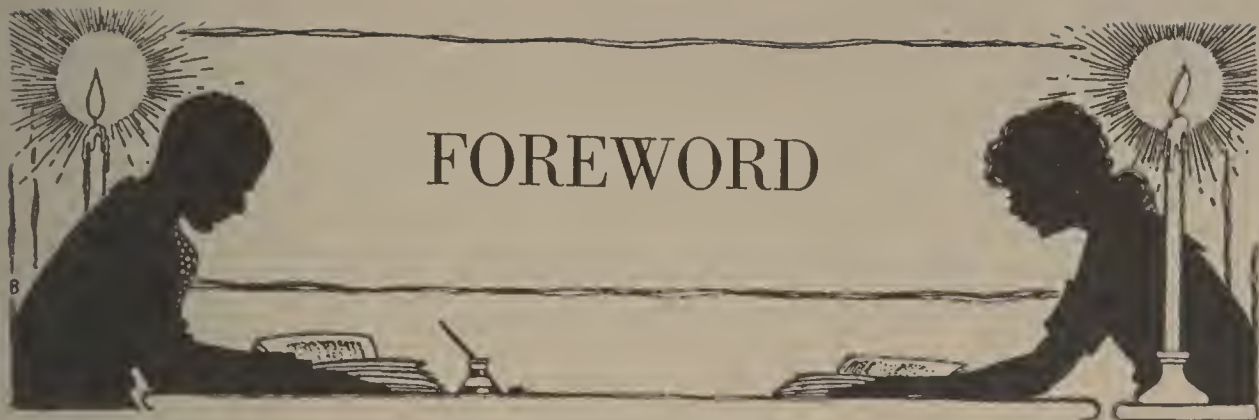
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## FOREWORD

The continuance of a series of anthologies appearing at intervals depends, naturally, on the reception of the volumes as they appear. *A Book of Fireside Poems* is the fourth in such a series,\* and with each has come a wider response.

The success of the series, together with the letters that have come to us, has given us an insight into the minds of a large group of lovers of poetry. If I may speak for them and give some unity to their letters, it will be to say that they are loath to lose the spiritual values in poetry, however great may be the intellectual gains. Most of them hasten to say that they are not opposed to the newer poetry; on the contrary, they voice their joy in the honesty and the freedom that has come with the post-Whitman revolution. But they still love the glory of the great line, and they do not understand why honest realism that has been the chief gain of the revolution must sometimes be effected with crude and disquieting words, nor why the ultimate should so often be the mere exigencies of a sordid day.

Thruout the series I have sought to blend the best of the new, with its frankness and its freedom from the half-honest cant and the cramped forms of the other century, and the immortal old. "No New Year yet hath slain December."

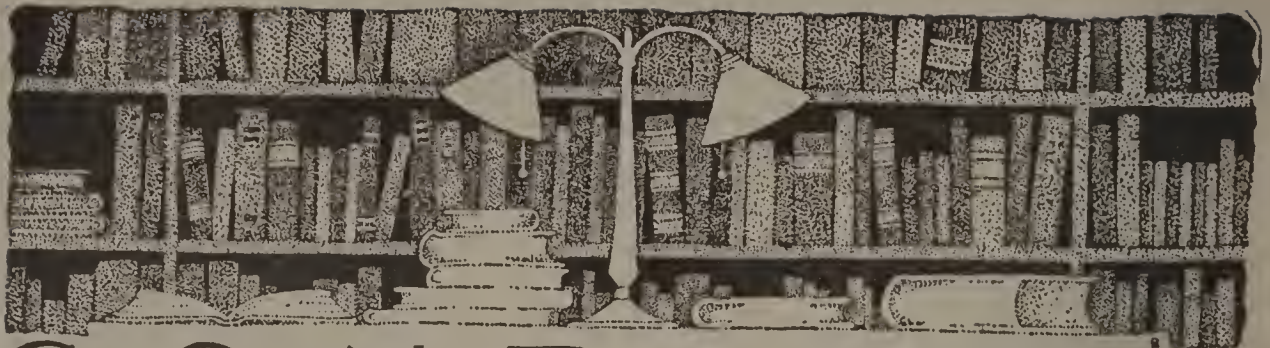
This fourth book will be found to contain a good deal of humor; in fact within the ancient meaning of the word, it is entirely humorous, as befits the hearth. Says Bliss Perry: "It is only the humorist who sees things truly, because he sees both the greatness and the littleness of mortals; but even he may not know whether to laugh or cry at what he sees." And Holmes: "If the sense of the ridiculous is one side of an impressible nature, it is very well; but if that is all there is in a man, he had better have been an ape and stood at the head of his profession." "Humor," thinks Carlyle, "is not contempt; its essence is love."

And so you should find herein something of the kindly, something of the laughable, and something of the majesty of the immeasurable, blended in the sacrament of a quiet hour.

—William R. Bowlin

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\*The preceding volumes are: *A Book of Treasured Poems*, *A Book of Living Poems*, and *A Book of Personal Poems*.



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# A BOOK OF FIRESIDE POEMS





## A SONG OF TWILIGHT

Anonymous



---

*If you've ever been a parent you  
will love this tender poem. If you've  
ever been a teacher you will recog-  
nize the educator's ideal in the  
lines—*

*The future shines before them in the light  
of their own eyes.*

Oh, to come home once more, when the dusk is falling,  
To see the nursery lighted and the children's table spread;  
"Mother, mother, mother!" the eager voices calling,  
"The baby was so sleepy that he had to go to bed!"

Oh, to come home once more, and see the smiling faces,  
Dark head, bright head, clustered at the pane;  
Much the years have taken, when the heart its path retraces,  
But until time is not for me, the image will remain.

Men and women now they are, standing straight and steady,  
Grave heart, gay heart, fit for life's emprise;  
Shoulder set to shoulder, how should they be but ready!  
The future shines before them with the light of their own eyes.

Still each answers to my call; no good has been denied me,  
My burdens have been fitted to the little strength that's mine,  
Beauty, pride and peace have walked by day beside me,  
The evening closes gently in, and how can I repine?

*But oh, to see once more, when the early dusk is falling,  
The nursery windows glowing and the children's table spread;  
"Mother, mother, mother!" the high child-voices calling,  
"He couldn't stay awake for you, he had to go to bed!"*





## TIP SAMs

Cotton Noe

1864-

---

*James Thomas Cotton Noe, by legislative action poet laureate of Kentucky, was for many years head of the department of English at the university of his native state. He knows and loves the mountain people. His Tip Sams has brought a kindly laugh to thousands, and won an unquestioned place in literary Americana.*

*The poem is from Tip Sams of Kentucky and Other Poems.*

Tip Sams had twins  
And a razor-back sow,  
Five dogs and a mule  
And an old roan cow;  
A bone-spavined filly  
And a one-room house,  
And a little wrinkled woman  
Just as meek as a mouse.  
Old Tip raised tobacco  
And he trafficked in skins.  
For he had seven sons  
In addition to the twins,  
And every mother's son,  
And the little mammy, Jude,  
Smoked a pipe all day  
And the twins both chewed.  
But Tip kept a-digging  
And he never lost heart,  
For the dogs hunted rabbits  
And they caught a right smart;  
And the bone-spavined filly  
And the mule pulled a plow, -  
And they lived off the givings  
Of the old roan cow,  
And the acorn-fattened farrow  
Of the razor-back sow.

But here the story closes  
 Of my little romance,  
 For the seven sons are sleeping  
 On the battlefields of France;  
 But their daddy grows tobacco  
 And trafficks still in skins,  
 And the little wrinkled mammy  
 Has another pair of twins.

## THE LONELY NIGHT

Darius Earl Maston

---

---

*Dead sounds at night come from the  
 inmost hills  
 Like footsteps upon wool.*

—Tennyson—Oenone



There is some stir about my place,  
 I do not mind the day  
 So very much. In it I space  
 My tasks and work away.

But when the shadows slyly creep  
 And comes night's stygian gloom,  
 A lonely vigil then I keep  
 In my beleaguered room.

Beleaguered by dull aching dreams  
 Of how things used to be.  
 The lonely night how dark it seems  
 From it I fain would flee!

I read the news, I con a book,  
 Yet my thoughts fly away!  
 And every little while I look,—  
 But you have gone to stay!

---



# THE KING OF DREAMS

Clinton Scollard

1860-1932

---

---

*I shall be satisfied  
If only the dreams abide.*

Some must delve when the dawn is nigh;  
Some must toil when the noonday beams;  
But when night comes, and the soft winds sigh,  
Every man is a King of Dreams!

One must plod while another must ply  
At plow or loom till the sunset streams,  
But when night comes and the moon rides high,  
Every man is a King of Dreams!

One is a slave to a master's cry,  
Another, serf to a despot seems,  
But when night comes, and the discords die,  
Every man is a King of Dreams!

This you may sell and that may buy,  
And this you may barter for gold that gleams,  
But there's one domain that is fixed for aye,—  
Every man is a King of Dreams.



## FAMILIARITY

William Cowper  
1731-1800



*Give a clown your finger and he will take your whole hand.—Heywood.*

The man that hails you Tom or Jack,  
And proves by thump upon your back,  
How he esteems your merit,  
Is such a friend that one had need  
Be very much his friend indeed  
To pardon or to bear it.



## A THRENODY

George Thomas Lanigan

1845-1886

---

*"The Ahkoond of Swat is dead."  
—London Papers.*

*Swat, Mohammedan province on the  
far frontier of India, has lost its Ahkoond  
—let Lanigan mourn his passing.*



What, what, what,  
What's the news from Swat?  
Sad news,  
Bad news,  
Comes by the cable led  
Through the Indian Ocean's bed,  
Through the Persian Gulf, the Red  
Sea and the Med-  
iterranean—he's dead;  
The Ahkoond is dead!

For the Ahkoond I mourn,  
Who wouldn't?  
He strove to disregard the message stern,  
But he Ahkoodn't.  
Dead, dead, dead;  
(Sorrow, Swats!)  
Swats wha hae wi' Ahkoond bled,  
Swats whom he hath often led  
Onward to a gory bed,  
Or to victory,  
As the case might be,  
Sorrow, Swats!  
Tears shed,  
Shed tears like water.  
Your great Ahkoond is dead!  
That Swats the matter!

Mourn, city of Swat!  
 Your great Ahkoond is not,  
 But lain 'mid worms to rot.  
 His mortal part alone, his soul was caught  
 (Because he was a good Ahkoond)  
 Up to the bosom of Mahound.  
 Though earthy walls his frame surround  
 (Forever hallowed be the ground!)  
 And sceptics mock the lowly mound  
 And say "He's now of no Ahkoond!"  
 His soul is in the skies—  
 The azure skies that bend above his loved  
 Metropolis of Swat.  
 He sees with larger, other eyes,  
 Athwart all earthly mysteries—  
 He knows what's Swat.

Let Swat bury the great Ahkoond  
 With noise of mourning and of lamentation!  
 Let Swat bury the great Ahkoond  
 With the noise of the mourning  
 Of the Swattish nation!  
 Fallen is at length  
 Its tower of strength;  
 Its sun is dimmed ere it had nooned;  
 Dead lies the great Ahkoond,  
 The great Ahkoond of Swat  
 Is not!

BITTER CHILL

John Keats

1795-1821

*St. Agnes' Eve—the night before January 21.  
 Some words warm—these freeze.*

St. Agnes' Eve—Ah, bitter chill it was!  
 The owl, for all his feathers, was a-cold;  
 The hare limp'd trembling through the frozen grass,  
 And silent was the flock in woolly fold.

# THE LIGHTS OF LONDON TOWN

George R. Sims

1847-1922

---

*Would you have all the biography of  
the world in one volume and that one  
volume distilled and condensed to a poem?  
Then, *The Lights of London Town*.*



The way was long and weary,  
But gallantly they strode,  
A country lad and lassie,  
Along the heavy road.  
The night was dark and stormy,  
But blithe of heart were they,  
For shining in the distance  
The Lights of London lay.  
O gleaming lamps of London that gem the City's  
crown,  
What fortunes lie within you, O Lights of London  
Town.

The year passed on and found them  
Within the mighty fold,  
The years had brought them trouble,  
But brought them little gold.  
Oft from their garret window,  
On long still summer nights,  
They'd seek the far-off country  
Beyond the London lights.  
O mocking lamps of London, what weary eyes look  
down,  
And mourn the day they saw you, O Lights of London  
Town.

With faces worn and weary,  
That told of sorrow's load,



One day a man and woman  
 Crept down a country road.  
 They sought their native village,  
 Heart-broken from the fray;  
 Yet shining still behind them,  
 The Lights of London lay.  
 O cruel lamps of London, if tears your lights could  
 drown,  
 Your victims' eyes would weep them, O Lights of  
 London Town.



## THE BELLS OF CALIFON

Harry Lee

---

*Come will a day when fires are low, and  
 year on year is gray, your heart will rove in  
 Califon as once it did in May.*

Great hills surround green Califon.  
 From wooded heights one sees  
 Far, far below  
 The clustered roofs,  
 The spires  
 Among the trees.  
 Looking down on Califon,  
 Lovely it is to hear  
 The music of the Sabbath bells  
 Updrifting  
 Cool and clear.

Above the streets of Califon  
 Now budding maples meet,  
 And lilacs  
 Blooming in the rain  
 Make all the byways sweet.

---

Beyond the hills of Califon  
The world I longed for lay.  
Now Califon is miles on miles  
And years on years away;  
So many doors are closed now  
That I shall never dare  
To go again to Califon,  
With no one left  
To care.

But often in the twilight,  
Often at the dawn,  
I hear again  
The singing bells,  
The bells of Califon.

## MEN

Dorothy Reid

---

---

*God give us men!*

—J. G. Holland



I like men,  
They stride about,  
They reach in their pockets  
And pull things out;

They look important,  
They rock on their toes,  
They lose all the buttons  
Off their clothes.

They throw away pipes,  
They find them again,  
Men are queer creatures,  
I like men.

---



## ADDRESS TO THE TOOTHACHE

Robert Burns

1759-1796

---

*A "towmont's toothache!" A twelve month toothache which Burns in a letter from his Ellisland farm calls "omnipotent." This is not comedy, but tragedy—the hell of all diseases. God bless the modern dentist.*

My curse upon your venom'd stang,  
That shoots my tortur'd gums alang;  
And thro' my lugs gies mony a twang,  
Wi' gnawing vengeance;  
Tearing my nerves wi' bitter pang,  
Like racking engines!

When fevers burn, or ague freezes,  
Rheumatics gnaw, or colic squeezes;  
Our neighbour's sympathy may ease us,  
Wi' pitying moan;  
But thee—thou hell o' a' diseases,  
Ay mocks our groan!

Adown my beard the slavers trickle!  
I throw the wee stools o'er the mickle,  
As round the fire the giglets keckle  
To see me loup;  
While, raving mad, I wish a heckle  
Were in their doup.

O' a' the numerous human dools,  
Ill har'sts, daft bargains, cutty-stools,  
Or worthy friends rak'd i' the mools,  
Sad sight to see!  
The tricks o' knaves, or fash o' fools,  
Thou bear'st the gree.  
Where'er that place be priests ca' hell,  
Whence a' the tones o' mis'ry yell,



And rankéd plagues their numbers tell,  
 In dreadfu' raw,  
 Thou Toothache, surely bear'st the bell  
 Amang them a'!

O thou grim mischief-making chiel,  
 That gars the notes of discord squeel,  
 Till daft mankind aft dance a reel  
 In gore a shoe-thick;—  
 Gie a' the faes o' Scotland's weal  
 A towmont's Toothache.

## DOLLIE

Samuel Mintern Peck

1854-

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*Samuel Mintern Peck, like Holmes, was trained for medicine, and like him and numerous others, turned to literature chiefly because he couldn't help it. He is the author of Rings and Love Knots, Rhymes and Roses, and Fair Women of Today. If there is any question of his knowing the last subject, read Dollie.*



She sports a witching gown,  
 With a ruffle up and down  
 On the skirt;  
 She is gentle, she is shy;  
 But there's mischief in her eye,—  
 She's a flirt!

She displays a tiny glove,  
 And a dainty little love  
 Of a shoe;

---

And she wears her hat a-tilt  
Over bangs that never wilt  
In the dew.

'Tis rumored chocolate creams  
Are the fabric of her dreams—  
But enough!  
I know beyond a doubt  
That she carries them about  
In her muff.

With her dimples and her curls  
She exasperates the girls  
Past belief:  
They hint that she's a cat  
And delightful things like that,  
In their grief.

It is shocking, I declare!  
But what does Dollie care  
When the beaux  
Come flocking to her feet  
Like the bees about a sweet  
Little rose!



## OVERTONES

William Alexander Percy

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*Once I sought a time and place for soli-  
tude and prayer; but now where'er I find Thy  
face I find a closet there.*

I heard a bird at break of day  
Sing from the autumn trees  
A song so mystical and calm  
So full of certainties,  
No man, I think, could listen long  
Except upon his knees.  
Yet this was but a simple bird,  
Alone, among the trees.

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## BLASPHEMY

(From the Group, *The Heretic*)

Louis Untermeyer

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*Blasphemy? Some other word. Glory of the unfinished; suspense before the unaccountable; gamble with the running wheels spun by man's own clumsy hand—these give purpose to each dawn.*



I do not envy God—  
There is no thing in all the skies or under  
To startle and awaken Him to wonder;  
No marvel can appear  
To stir His placid soul to terrible thunder—  
He was not born with awe nor blessed with fear.

I do not envy God—  
He is not burned with Spring and April madness;  
The rush of life—its rash, impetuous gladness  
He cannot hope to know.  
He cannot feel the fever and the sadness,  
The leaping fire, the insupportable glow.

I do not envy God—  
Forever He must watch the planets crawling  
To flaming goals where sun and star are falling;  
He cannot wander free.  
For he must face, through centuries appalling,  
A vast and infinite monotony.

I do not envy God—  
He cannot die, He dare not even slumber.  
Though He be God, and free from care and cumber,  
I would not share His place;  
For He must live when years have lost their number  
And Time sinks crumbling into shattered Space.

I do not envy God—  
Nay more, I pity Him His lonely Heaven;



I pity Him each lonely morn and even,  
 His splendid, lonely throne;  
 For He must sit and wait till all is riven  
 Alone—through all eternity—alone.



## SONNET

Rupert Brooke

1887-1915

*In the short years given him before he met death in the great war, Rupert Brooke earned for himself the expectancy of a literary world. Common men are born to die, but poets to immortality.*

*If I should die, think only this of me:*

*That there's some corner of a foreign field  
 That is forever England . . . .*

*His corner of England lies in the Greek island Skyros, on the road to the Dardanelles.*

Oh! Death will find me, long before I tire  
 Of watching you; and swing me suddenly  
 Into the shade and loneliness and mire  
 Of the last land! There, waiting patiently,

One day, I think, I'll feel a cool wind blowing,  
 See a slow light across the Stygian tide,  
 And hear the Dead about me stir, unknowing,  
 And tremble. And I shall know that you have died.

And watch you, a broad-browed and smiling dream,  
 Pass, light as ever, through the lightless host,  
 Quietly ponder, start, and sway, and gleam—  
 Most individual and bewildering ghost!—  
 And turn, and toss your brown delightful head  
 Amusedly, among the ancient Dead.

# THE KNIGHTS IN THE RUBY WINDOWPANE

Mildred Plew Meigs



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*Hush—'tis the lullaby Time is singing—  
Hush, and heed not, for all things pass—*

*The knights in the ruby windowpane  
Riding the ruby glass.*

This is the tale of the ruby knights,  
The knights of the ruby train,  
Who one fine day went out to ride  
In a castle windowpane;  
'Twas thus they rode in the sunset glow,  
Cantering, cantering, row upon row,  
Long, long ago.

Then clocks went click in the castle wall,  
And the harpstring died on the air,  
And the lords and the ladies, one by one,  
Went out by the twisted stair;  
But still in the high-hung windowpane,  
Rich with its red old hue,  
The ruby knights went on and on,  
Cantering two by two;  
The knights in the ruby windowpane,  
Riding the red years through.

Then time went tick and the dust came down  
To sift at the carven sill;  
And webs at the casement wound and wound,  
But high in the window still,  
Soft while the silver sunset ran  
And ripped at a wrought cuirass,

The ruby knights went on and on,  
 (The knights who never pass)  
 The knights in the ruby windowpane,  
 Riding the ruby glass.

Now cracks run wide in the crumbling wall,  
 And the lazy leaves drift through,  
 And the little birds come shyly in  
 To build their nests and coo;  
 But still in the high-arched windowpane,  
 Soft as the webs are wound,  
 The ruby knights ride on and on,  
 With never a single sound;  
 The knights in the ruby windowpane  
 Riding the red years round.

This is the tale of the ruby knights,  
 The knights of the ruby train,  
 Who ride today in the red old heart  
 Of a castle windowpane,  
 Just as they rode in the sunset glow,  
 Cantering, cantering, row upon row,  
 Long, long ago.



## BARTER



Earle V. Eastwood

*A beautiful thought, a tragic fact. But listen to wisdom:*

*I am not one of those who do not believe in love at first sight, but I believe in taking a second look.*

—H. Vincent.

A book you may buy for a shilling  
 Where quaint little shops tempt the throng,  
 And love, though your guineas are useless,  
 Perhaps may be had for a song.  
 You may, should the volume displease you,  
 Exchange it or sell it again;  
 But love that you buy with your singing  
 Can only be bartered for pain.

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# THE LEGEND OF HEINZ von STEIN

Charles Godfrey Leland

1824-1903

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*Charles Godfrey Leland was a student of German and gypsy folklore. Here is one of his terrible tales.*



Out rode from his wild, dark castle,  
The terrible Heinz von Stein;  
He came to the door of a tavern,  
And gazed on the swinging sign.

He sat himself down at a table,  
And growled for a bottle of wine;  
Up came with a flask and a corkscrew  
A maiden of beauty divine.

Then, seized with a deep love-longing,  
He uttered, "O damsel mine,  
Suppose you just give a few kisses  
To the valorous Ritter von Stein!"

But she answered, "The kissing business  
Is entirely out of my line;  
And I certainly will not begin it  
On a countenance ugly as thine!"

Oh then the bold knight was angry,  
And cursed both coarse and fine;  
And asked, "How much is the swindle  
For your sour and nasty wine?"

And fiercely he rode to the castle,  
And sat himself down to dine;  
And this is the dreadful legend  
Of the terrible Heinz von Stein.



## FATHER COYOTE

George Sterling

1869-1926

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*At this instant a most whimsical variety of voices—barks, howls, yelps, whines—all mingled as it were together, sounded from the prairie not far off, as if a whole conclave of wolves of every age and sex were assembled there. . . . They all proceeded from the throat of one little wolf, not larger than a spaniel, seated by himself at some distance.*

*—Parkman, The Oregon Trail*

At twilight time, when the lamps are lit,  
Father coyote comes to sit  
At the chaparral's edge, on the mountain-side—  
Comes to listen and to deride  
The rancher's hound and the rancher's son,  
The passer-by and everyone.  
And we pause at milking-time to hear  
His reckless carolling, shrill and clear,—  
His terse and swift and valorous troll,  
Ribald, rollicking, scornful, droll,  
As one might sing in coyotedom:  
"Yo ho ho and a bottle of rum!"

Yet well I wot there is little ease  
Where the turkeys roost in the almond trees,  
With mute forbodings, canny and grim,  
As they shift and shiver along the limb.  
And the dog flings back an answer brief  
(Curse o' the honest man on the thief,)  
And the cat, till now intent to rove,  
Stalks to her lair by the kitchen stove;  
Not that *she* fears the rogue on the hill;  
But—no mice remain, and—the night is chill.  
And now, like a watchman of the skies,  
Whose glance to a thousand valleys flies,  
The moon glares over the granite ledge—  
Pared a slice on its upper edge.

And father coyote waits no more,  
Knowing that down on the valley floor,  
In a sandy nook all cool and white  
The rabbits play and the rabbits fight,  
Flopping, nimble, scurrying,  
Careless now with the surge of Spring . . .  
Furry lover, alack! alas!  
Skims your fate o'er the moonlit grass!

## CASEY AT THE BAT

Ernest Lawrence Thayer

1863-



*This is the world's classic of baseball. In the so-called gay nineties, De Wolf Hopper began reciting it up and down the vaudeville front of America. In a letter to Mark Sullivan in 1924 he said—*

*"I did it first in May, 1888, at Wallack's theater, New York City. How many times I have done it since can best be numbered by the stars of the Milky Way."*

*In his own Reminiscences of De Wolf Hopper, he says—*

*"When my name is called on resurrection morn I shall, very probably, unless some friend is there to pull the sleeve of my ascension robe, arise, clear my throat and begin:*

*'The outlook wasn't brilliant for the Mudville nine that day.'*"

*There have been dozens of claimants to the authorship of Casey at the Bat, but Mr. Hopper, who knew the man says that it was written by Thayer and first printed in a San Francisco newspaper early in 1888.*

The outlook wasn't brilliant for the Mudville nine that day;  
The score stood four to two, with but one inning more to play;  
And so, when Cooney died at first, and Barrows did the same,  
A sickly silence fell upon the patrons of the game.



A straggling few got up to go in deep despair. The rest  
Clung to the hope which springs eternal in the human breast;  
They thought, if only Casey could but get a whack, at that,  
They'd put up even money now, with Casey at the bat.

But Flynn preceded Casey, as did also Jimmy Blake,  
And the former was a pudding and the latter was a fake;  
So upon that stricken multitude grim melancholy sat,  
For there seemed but little chance of Casey's getting to the bat.

But Flynn let drive a single, to the wonderment of all,  
And Blake, the much despised, tore the cover off the ball;  
And when the dust had lifted, and they saw what had occurred,  
There was Jimmy safe on second, and Flynn a-hugging third.

Then from the gladdened multitude went up a joyous yell,  
It bounded from the mountain-top, and rattled in the dell;  
It struck upon the hillside, and recoiled upon the flat;  
For Casey, mighty Casey, was advancing to the bat.

There was ease in Casey's manner as he stepped into his place,  
There was pride in Casey's bearing, and a smile on Casey's face;  
And when, responding to the cheers, he lightly doffed his hat,  
No stranger in the crowd could doubt 'twas Casey at the bat.

Ten thousand eyes were on him as he rubbed his hands with dirt,  
Five thousand tongues applauded when he wiped them on his shirt;  
Then while the writhing pitcher ground the ball into his hip,  
Defiance gleamed in Casey's eye, a sneer curled Casey's lip.

And now the leather-covered sphere came hurtling through the air,  
And Casey stood a-watching it in haughty grandeur there;  
Close by the sturdy batsman the ball unheeded sped.  
"That ain't my style," said Casey. "Strike one," the umpire said.

From the benches, black with people, there went up a muffled roar,  
Like the beating of the storm-waves on a stern and distant shore:  
"Kill him! kill the umpire!" shouted some one on the stand.  
And it's likely they'd have killed him had not Casey raised his hand.

With a smile of Christian charity great Casey's visage shone;  
He stilled the rising tumult; he bade the game go on;

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He signalled to the pitcher, and once more the spheroid flew,  
But Casey still ignored it, and the umpire said, "Strike two."

"Fraud!" cried the maddened thousands, and the echo answered,  
"Fraud!"

But a scornful look from Casey, and the audience was awed;  
They saw his face grow stern and cold, they saw his muscles strain,  
And they knew that Casey wouldn't let that ball go by again.

The sneer is gone from Casey's lips, his teeth are clenched in hate,  
He pounds with cruel violence his bat upon the plate;  
And now the pitcher holds the ball, and now he lets it go,  
And now the air is shattered by the force of Casey's blow.

Oh! somewhere in this favored land the sun is shining bright,  
The band is playing somewhere, and somewhere hearts are light;  
And somewhere men are laughing, and somewhere children shout,  
But there is no joy in Mudville—mighty Casey has struck out.

## TO DIANEME

Robert Herrick

1591-1674

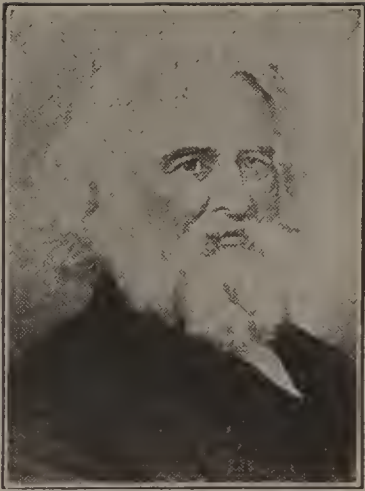
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*O why should the spirit of mortal be proud!*  
—William Knox

Sweet, be not proud of those two eyes,  
Which, star-like, sparkle in their skies;  
Nor be you proud that you can see  
All hearts your captives, yours yet free;  
Be you not proud of that rich hair,  
Which wantons with the love-sick air;  
Whenas that ruby which you wear,  
Sunk from the tip of your soft ear,  
Will last to be a precious stone  
When all your world of beauty's gone.





## BEWARE

Henry W. Longfellow

1807-1882

*From Act 1, Scene 3, of the Spanish Student.*

I know a maiden fair to see,  
Take care!  
She can both false and friendly be,  
Beware! Beware!  
Trust her not,  
She is fooling thee!

She has two eyes, so soft and brown,  
Take care!  
She gives a side glance and looks down,  
Beware! Beware!  
Trust her not,  
She is fooling thee!

And she has hair of a golden hue,  
Take care!  
And what she says, it is not true,  
Beware! Beware!  
Trust her not,  
She is fooling thee!

She has a bosom as white as snow,  
Take care!  
She knows how much it is best to show,  
Beware! Beware!  
Trust her not,  
She is fooling thee!

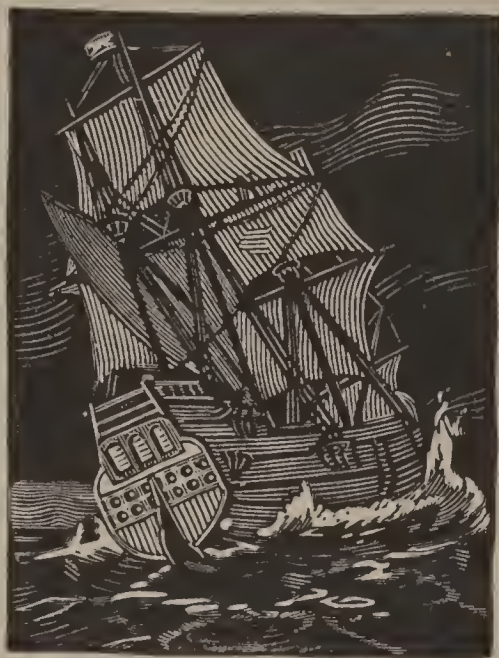


She gives thee a garland woven fair,  
 Take care!  
 It is a fool's-cap for thee to wear,  
 Beware! Beware!  
 Trust her not,  
 She is fooling thee!

## OLD SHIPS

David Morton

1886-



*There is often a majesty in words apart from their meanings, notably in the sounding phrases of Hebrew scripture of obscure meaning, and in the dimly identified words of great music. Shelley's "As I lay asleep in Italy," and Keats' "Silent, upon a peak in Darien," are poetic examples.*

*David Morton is a musician of words. As in his own sonnet, Symbols, he tries for such as—*

*May venture near the snares of sound, at last—  
 Most fortunate captor if, from time to time,  
 One may be taken, trembling, in a rhyme.*

There is a memory stays upon old ships,  
 A weightless cargo in the musty hold,—  
 Of bright lagoons and prow-caressing lips,  
 Of stormy midnights,—and a tale untold.  
 They have remembered islands in the dawn,  
 And windy capes that tried their slender spars,  
 And tortuous channels where their keels have gone,  
 And calm blue nights of stillness and of stars.

Ah, never think that ships forget a shore,  
 Or bitter seas, or winds that made them wise;  
 There is a dream upon them, evermore;—  
 And there be some who say that sunk ships rise  
 To seek familiar harbors in the night,  
 Blowing in mists their spectral sails like light.





## THE LURE

John Boyle O'Reilly

1844-1890

*John Boyle O'Reilly is one of the picturesque figures in literature. Born in Ireland in 1844, he never forgot the Emerald Isle. In 1865 he went into the British army, some say to further the cause of Ireland; at any rate he was convicted and sent to penal Australia in 1866 on a sentence of fifteen years. Three years later he escaped on an American whaler and came to Boston. Then began a very creditable literary career. He, it would seem, holds with John Lacy—*

*When a woman means mischief if she but look upon her apron strings the devil will help her presently.*

“What bait do you use,” said the  
Saint to the Devil,

“When you fish where the souls of men abound?”

“Well, for specific tastes,” said the King of Evil,  
“Gold and Fame are the best I’ve found.”

“But for general use?” asked the Saint. “Ah, then,”  
Said the Demon, “I angle for Man not men  
And the thing I hate  
Is to change my bait,  
So I fish with a woman the whole year round.”



## OF LIFE

Lillian Wright



*Nor even see the galley first.*

Write well, my pen; be sure and true;  
Make no misstatement and no lies;  
This is a manuscript that you  
May not revise.

## TWO FISHERS

Anonymous



---

*In the middle of the last century, humorous poetry—so called—followed pretty well the style here illustrated. This was peculiarly true of American poetry. The type, of course, is too obvious for fine humor. But we can stand one more for auld lang syne.*

One morning when Spring was in her teens—  
A morn to a poet's wishing,  
All tinted in delicate pinks and greens—  
Miss Bessie and I went fishing.

I in my rough and easy clothes,  
With my face at the sun-tan's mercy;  
She with her hat tipped down to her nose,  
And her nose tipped—*vice versa*.

I with my rod, my reel, and my hooks,  
And a hamper for lunching recesses;  
She with the bait of her comely looks,  
And the seine of her golden tresses.

So we sat us down on the sunny dike,  
Where the white pond-lilies teeter,  
And I went to fishing like quaint old Ike,  
And she like Simon Peter.

All the noon I lay in the light of her eyes,  
And dreamily watched and waited,  
But the fish were cunning and would not rise,  
And the baiter alone was baited.

And when the time of departure came,  
 My bag hung flat as a flounder;  
 But Bessie had neatly hooked her game—  
 A hundred-and-fifty-pounder.



## THAT CAT

Ben King

1857-1894

---

*Ben King was an institution in the Middle West. A good musician, a prime entertainer, a poet, he was welcome in every assemblage, and his sudden death at the age of thirty-seven was felt as a shock in the literary west.*

*That Cat was the King household pet. The poet's widow, Belle Latham King, recalls that her name was Lady Varian.*

The cat that comes to my window sill  
 When the moon looks cold and the night is still—  
 He comes in a frenzied state alone  
 With a tail that stands like a pine tree cone,  
 And says: "I have finished my evening lark,  
 And I think I can hear a hound dog bark.  
 My whiskers are froze 'nd stuck to my chin.  
 I do wish you'd git up and let me in."  
 That cat gits in.

But if in the solitude of the night  
 He doesn't appear to be feeling right,  
 And rises and stretches and seeks the floor,  
 And some remote corner he would explore,  
 And doesn't feel satisfied just because  
 There's no good spot for to sharpen his claws,  
 And meows and canters uneasy about,  
 Beyond the least shadow of any doubt—  
 That cat gits out.

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## FAMOUS LIMERICKS

---

*The origin of the verse form called the limerick is lost in the years. Attempts to connect it with Limerick, a county in the western part of the Irish Free State have not been convincing altho the form may have been popularized in Ireland by the famous Irish Brigade of the French army during the eighteenth century.*

*The form, wrongly credited to Edward Lear, first appeared about 1820, and was doubtlessly popularized by him thru the publication in 1846 of his Book of Nonsense. The limerick is now a part of the poetry of all languages and, like the famous shot at Concord, heard round the world.*



*Oh won't you come up, come all the way up,  
Come all the way up to Limerick.*

There was a young lady of Niger  
Who smiled as she rode on a tiger;  
They returned from the ride  
With the lady inside,  
And a smile on the face of the tiger.

A flea and a fly in a flue,  
Were imprisoned, so what could they do  
Said the flea, "Let us fly,"  
Said the fly, "Let us flee,"  
So they flew through a flaw in the flue.

The poor benighted Hindoo,  
He does the best he kindoo;  
He sticks to his caste  
From first to last:  
For pants he makes his skindoo.

There was an old man of Nantucket,  
Who kept all his cash in a bucket;



But his daughter named Nan  
 Ran away with a man—  
 And as for the bucket, Nantucket.

There was a young man so benighted,  
 He didn't know when he was slighted,  
 But went to a party  
 And ate just as hearty  
 As if he'd been duly invited.

There was a young man at St. Kitts  
 Who was very much troubled with fits  
 The eclipse of the moon  
 Threw him into a swoon,  
 When he tumbled and broke into bits.

*Fantastic rime sometimes occurs in the limerick.*

The lifeboat that's kept in Torquay  
 Is intended to float in the suay;  
 The crew and the coxwain  
 Are as sturdy as oxwain,  
 And as smart and as brave as can buay.

*Kipling is sometimes credited with this one:*

There was once a small boy in Quebec  
 Stood buried in snow to his neck.  
 When asked "Are you friz?"  
 He replied "Yes, I is,  
 But we don't call this cold in Quebec."

*Woodrow Wilson is said to have been fond of quoting this next, which has resulted in his being given credit of authorship. However, the verse goes back at least fifty years.*

For beauty I am not a star,  
 There are others more lovely by far;  
 But my face—I don't mind it,  
 Because I'm behind it,  
 It's the folks out in front that I jar.

*Anthony Euwey*

---

There was a young lady of Lynn  
Who was so excessively thin  
That when she essayed  
To drink lemonade  
She slipped thru the straw and fell in.

*And Edwin Meade Robinson is accused of this:*

There once was a guy named Othello,  
A dark, disagreeable fellow;  
After croaking his wife,  
Then he took his own life—  
That bird wasn't black, he was yellow.

*The art of writing foolishness is of the rarest in literature. Edward Lear, Gelett Burgess, and Lewis Carroll have done it, and W. S. Gilbert employed this skill delightfully, especially in the light operas of Gilbert and Sullivan. This is an original, by Lear:*

There was an old man in a tree  
Who was horribly bored by a bee;  
When they said, "Does it buzz?"  
He replied, "Yes, it does!  
It's a regular brute of a bee!"

*And here is Gilbert's revision:*

There was an old man of St. Bees,  
Who was stung in the arm by a wasp;  
When they asked, "Does it hurt?"  
He replied, "No, it doesn't,  
But I thought all the while 't was a Hornet!"

## FURTHER FOOLISHNESS

Anonymous

*Sir! I believe upon that ground alone.  
I could not, had I seen it with my own.*  
—Cowper

"I've seen some great sights in my life,"  
Said Old Man Martford,  
"But the strangest sight I ever saw,  
My father saw in Hartford."



## HEART'S DESIRE

Virginia Eaton

*Some day to know a home like hers  
Wherein their hearts might rest.*

*—Theodosia Garrison, The Gypsies*

I want a little house with green vines straying  
Above the lintel of a quaint carved door;  
And casement windows with white curtains swaying  
In every breeze; a polished oaken floor.  
A shaded porch for idle moments dreaming. . . .  
A shining sink with painted shelves above  
To hold blue plates and cups; a kettle steaming;  
White cloth and candles laid for one I love.

Though other fires with friendly warmth are burning  
And others gladly share their bread and wine,  
Within my heart there is a constant yearning  
For intimate, dear things I may call mine!  
Strong arms for shelter . . . home . . . a child's caress . . .  
Than these life holds no greater happiness.



## TO A CALM ONE

Selma R. Osterman



*Oh, weary hearts, that yearn for sleep,  
Look, and learn from the ships of the deep!*

Although tempestuous autumn in my veins  
Leaps to the wildness of a gypsy tune,  
Some day I'll be content with quiet rain,  
And even silence frozen by the moon.

Often the ship that plays the fiercest wave  
Sinks, longingly and tired, to the deep . . .  
So I, when life has spent my restless blood,  
Shall come to you for silence and for sleep.

# THE TOM-CAT

Don Marquis

1878-



---

*Far in the distance a cat languishes loudly.*  
—Henley

At midnight in the alley  
A Tom-cat comes to wail,  
And he chants the hate of a million years  
As he swings his snaky tail.

Malevolent, bony, brindled,  
Tiger and devil and bard,  
His eyes are coals from the middle of Hell  
And his heart is black and hard.

He twists and crouches and capers  
And bares his curved sharp claws,  
And he sings to the stars of the jungle nights  
Ere cities were, or laws.

Beast from a world primeval,  
He and his leaping clan,  
When the blotched red moon leers over the roofs,  
Give voice to their scorn of man.

He will lie on a rug to-morrow  
And lick his silky fur,  
And veil the brute in his yellow eyes  
And play he's tame, and purr.

But at midnight in the alley  
He will crouch again and wail,  
And beat the time for his demon's song  
With the swing of his demon's tail.





## THE QUEEN FORGETS

George Sterling

1869-1926

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*The Queen Forgets is a brilliant poem of the workmanship of a jewelled sword—the sword of Orion who stood watch and ward, illuminated by the cold light of Sirius. Who was the queen? Why did he stand motionless*

*while she wept? Was she Merope, whose father blinded Orion? Was she Diana with whom he was wont to hunt? Or Eos, who loved him well?*

*Sterling was born in Sag Harbor, Me., and died in San Francisco. His mastery of the pictured phrase has not been surpassed.*

What came before and afterward  
(She said) I do not know;  
But I remember well a night  
In a life long ago.

What spoil was I of Egypt sacked?  
Of what old war the pledge?  
Around my tent whose army lay,  
At the great desert's edge?

A maiden, or a Satrap's wife,  
A slave or queen was I  
Who saw that night the steady stars  
Go down the living sky?

And saw against the heavenly ranks  
How one stood watch and ward.  
Black on the stars he stood, and leaned  
On a cross-hilted sword.

There was no sound in all the camp  
But when a stallion neighed . . .  
I saw the light of Sirius  
On the cold blade.

Downward, above a single palm,  
 Slowly the great star crept;  
 More motionless my sentry stood,  
 As silently I wept.

What wrath had Libya for my loss?  
 In Syria what tears?  
 What king or swineherd cursed his god  
 In those forgotten years?

The tale is not in tapestry;  
 The grey monks do not know . . .  
 Only its shadow touches me  
 From out the long ago.

Of terror and of tenderness  
 Is that far vigil made,  
 And the green light of Sirius  
 On the chill blade.

# “HE’D NOTHING BUT HIS VIOLIN”

Mary Kyle Dallas  
 1830-1897

*From tavern to tavern Youth  
 dances along with an arm full of  
 girl and a heart full of song.*



He'd nothing but his violin,  
 I'd nothing but my song,  
 But we were wed when skies were blue  
 And summer days were long;  
 And when we rested by the hedge,  
 The robins came and told  
 How they had dared to woo and win,  
 When early Spring was cold.

We sometimes supped on dewberries,  
 Or slept among the hay,  
 But oft the farmers' wives at eve  
 Came out to hear us play;  
 The rare old songs, the dear old tunes,—  
 We could not starve for long  
 While my man had his violin,  
 And I my sweet love song.

The world has aye gone well with us  
 Old man since we were one,—  
 Our homeless wandering down the lanes  
 It long ago was done.  
 But those who wait for gold or gear,  
 For houses or for kine,  
 Till youth's sweet spring grows brown and sere,  
 And love and beauty tine,  
 Will never know the joy of hearts  
 That met without a fear,  
 When you had but your violin  
 And I a song, my dear.



## THE OPTIMIST

John Ferguson

*His weekly drawl  
 Though short, too long.  
 —Cowper*

For miles around the parish steeple  
 The curate he goes in and out,  
 And up and down and round about  
 The houses of the working-people;  
 He listens to their newest bickers,  
 Smiles wanly to the merry fire,  
 And hopes they'll come to hear the Vicar's  
 Impromptu thoughts on Jeremiah.

# COMIN' THROUGH THE RYE

Robert Burns

1759-1796



*The original Scot to celebrate Jenny and her soggy skirts is unknown. The phrase is at least a century and a half earlier than this song of Burns, and "Coming Through the Rye" had already appeared in several poetic turns.*

*There is a common belief that the Rye was a river, and that it was the custom for a boy to kiss any girl he met midstream as they balanced on the single line of rocks that formed the means of a ford. Such opportunity would not likely be overlooked by the canny lads o' Scotland. But there are troubles with this theory, chief among them that there is no river Rye in all of Scotland, and nowhere is there any poetic evidence that rye has ever meant anything but grain. And it would be but natural that the heavy dews of that north country would play the deuce with Jenny's petticoatie.*

*Burns' original wording seems to have been as follows:*

Comin' through the rye, poor body,  
Comin' through the rye,  
She draiglet a' her petticoatie,  
Comin' through the rye.

*Oh Jennie's a' wat, poor body,  
Jennie's seldom dry;  
She draiglet a' her petticoatie,  
Comin' through the rye.*

Gin a body meet a body—  
Comin' through the rye,  
Gin a body kiss a body,  
Need a body cry?

Gin a body meet a body,  
Comin' through the glen,  
Gin a body kiss a body,  
Need the warld ken?



*Other poets more sentimental and less skilled have added to the original.*

Gin a body meet a body,  
Comin' through the rye,  
Gin a body kiss a body,  
Need a body cry?

*Every lassie has her laddie,—  
Ne'er a ane hae I;  
Yet a' the lads they smile at me  
When comin' through the rye.*

Amang the train there is a swain  
I dearly lo'e mysel';  
But whaur his hame, or what his name,  
I dinna care to tell.

Gin a body meet a body,  
Comin' frae the town,  
Gin a body greet a body,  
Need a body frown?



## DE SHEEPFOL'

Sarah Pratt McLean Greene

1856-

*This, the Negro type transcription of the fifteenth chapter of St. Luke, is similar to The Ninety and Nine, famous song of Moody and Sankey revivals, but is more graphic—with cold win' on de gloomerin' meadows wha'r de long night rain begin.*

De massa ob de sheepfol',  
Dat guards de sheepfol' bin,  
Look out in de gloomerin' meadows,  
Wha'r de long night rain begin—  
So he call to de hirelin' shepa'd,  
“Is my sheep, is dey all come in?—  
My sheep, is dey all come in?”

Oh den, says de hirelin' shepa'd:  
 "Dey's some, dey's black and thin,  
 And some, dey's po' ol' wedda's,  
 Dat can't come home agin.  
 Dey's some black sheep an' ol' wedda's,  
 But de res', dey's all brung in.—  
 De res', dey's all brung in."

Den de massa ob de sheepfol',  
 Dat guards de sheepfol' bin,  
 Goes down in de gloomerin' meadows,  
 Wha'r de long night rain begin—  
 So he le' down de ba's ob de sheepfol',  
 Callin' sof', "Come in. Come in."  
 Callin' sof', "Come in. Come in."

Den up t'ro' de gloomerin' meadows,  
 T'ro' de col' night rain and win',  
 And up t'ro' de gloomerin' rain-paf'  
 Wha'r de sleet fa' pie'cin' thin,  
 De po' los' sheep ob de sheepfol',  
 Dey all comes gadderin' in.  
 De po' los' sheep ob de sheepfol'  
 Dey all comes gadderin' in.

## ANTIQUATED CRADLE

Bishop William Croswell Doane

1832-1913

*And each imbibes his rations from a Hygienic Cup—  
 The Bunny and the Baby and the Prophylactic Pup.*

"The hand that rocks the cradle,"—but today there's no such hand.  
 It is bad to rock the baby, they would have us understand;  
 So the cradle's but a relic of the former foolish days,  
 When mothers reared their children in unscientific ways;  
 When they jounced them and they bounced them, those poor dwarfs  
 of long ago—  
 The Washingtons, and Jeffersons, and Adamses, you know.



## FAIRIES' SONG

From  
*A Midsummer-Night's Dream*  
William Shakspeare  
1564-1616

*Oberon, king of the fairies, describes the boudoir of Queen Titania—*

*I know a bank where the wild thyme blows,  
Where oxlips and the nodding violet grows,  
Quite over-canopi'd with luscious woodbine,  
With sweet musk-roses and with eglantine.  
There sleeps Titania sometime of the night,  
Lull'd in these flowers with dances and delight;  
And there the snake throws her enamell'd skin,  
Weed wide enough to wrap a fairy in.*

*And by this bank where the wild thyme blows, enters Queen Titania and her fairies—*

*Tita. Come, now a roundel and a fairy song;  
. . . . . Sing me now asleep.*

*The first fairy sings, and the chorus calls to philomel, the nightingale:*

*You spotted snakes with double tongue,  
Thorny hedgehogs, be not seen;  
Newts and blind-worms, do no wrong;  
Come not near our fairy queen.*

*Philomel, with melody,  
Sing in our sweet lullaby;  
Lulla, lulla, lullaby; lulla, lulla, lullaby!  
Never harm,  
Nor spell nor charm,  
Come our lovely lady nigh;  
So, good night, with lullaby.*

*Weaving spiders, come not here;  
Hence, you long-legged spinners, hence  
Beetles black, approach not near;  
Worm nor snail, do no offence.*

*Philomel, with melody,  
Sing in our sweet lullaby;*

Lulla, lulla, lullaby; lulla, lulla, lullaby!  
 Never harm,  
 Nor spell nor charm,  
 Come our lovely lady nigh;  
 So, good night, with lullaby.

## YOU'LL REMEMBER ME

(From the opera, *The Bohemian Girl*)

Alfred Bunn

1796-1860

Michael Balfe

1808-1870



*Arline, daughter of Count Arnheim, stolen by gypsies, sings of her home—  
 I dreamt that I dwelt in marble halls  
 With vassals and serfs at my side,  
 The discouraged father sings the second great song:  
 The heart bowed down by weight of woe,  
 To weakest hope will cling.  
 And finally Arline is returned to her marble halls. Still believing her lost, her  
 lover Thaddeus sings the famous lines:*

When other lips and other hearts  
 Their tales of love shall tell,  
 In language whose excess imparts  
 The power they feel so well,  
 There may perhaps in such a scene  
 A recollection be,  
 Of days that have as happy been,  
 And you'll remember me.

When coldness and deceit shall slight  
 The beauty they now prize,  
 And deem it but a faded light  
 That beams within your eyes,  
 When hollow hearts shall wear a mask,  
 'Twill break your own to see,  
 In such a moment I but ask  
 That you'll remember me.



## WOMAN

Lucretius to Kipling



*We laugh at 'em; we love 'em; we drivell of them to mask our evil ways;  
we slur and cavil at their worthlessness—and then we shoot ourselves to  
prove it.*

I know a thing that's most uncommon;  
    (Envy, be silent and attend!)  
I know a reasonable woman,  
    Handsome and witty, yet a friend.  
    —Pope—*On a Certain Lady at Court.*

I've seen your stormy seas and stormy women,  
And pity lovers rather more than seamen.  
    —Byron, *Don Juan*

Mankind, from Adam, have been women's fools;  
Women, from Eve, have been the devil's tools:  
Heaven might have spared one torment when we fell;  
Not left us women, or not threatened hell.  
    —George Granville—*The She-Gallants*

When the Himalayan peasant meets the he-bear in his pride,  
He shouts to scare the monster, who will often turn aside.  
But the she-bear thus accosted, rends the peasant, tooth and nail,  
For the female of the species is more deadly than the male.  
    —Kipling—*The Female of the Species*

One woman reads another's character  
Without the tedious trouble of deciphering.  
    —Ben Jonson

Cherchez la femme! (Find the woman)  
    —Dumas (*for the French police*)

A lady is one who never shows her underwear unintentionally.

—Lillian Day—*Kiss and Tell*

When lovely woman stoops to folly,  
And finds too late that men betray,  
What charm can soothe her melancholy?  
What art can wash her guilt away?  
—Goldsmith—*The Vicar of Wakefield*

A little, tiny, pretty, witty,  
Charming—darling she.  
—Lucretius (*first century B. C.*)

If ladies be but young and fair  
They have the gift to know it.  
—Shakespeare—*As You Like It*

For she is jes' the quiet kind  
Whose naturs never vary,  
Like streams that keep a summer mind  
Snowhid in Janooary.  
—Lowell—*The Courtin'*

Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale  
Her infinite variety.  
—Shakspeare—*Antony and Cleopatra*

O woman! in our hours of ease  
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,  
And variable as the shade  
By the light quivering aspen made;  
When pain and anguish wring the brow,  
A ministering angel thou!  
—Scott—*Marmion*

Not she with traitorous kiss her Saviour stung,  
Not she denied him with unholy tongue;  
She, while apostles shrank, could dangers brave,  
Last at the cross and earliest at the grave.  
—Eaton Stannard Barrett



As soon as woman begins to be ashamed  
Of what she should not  
She will not be ashamed  
Of what she should.

—Livy (*time of Christ*)

A woman mov'd is like a fountain troubled,  
Muddy, ill-seeming, thick, bereft of beauty:  
And while it is so, none so dry or thirsty  
Will deign to sip or touch one drop of it.

—Shakespeare—*Taming of the Shrew*

Dear, dead women, with such hair, too—  
What's become of all the gold  
Used to hang and brush their bosoms? I feel  
Chilly and grown old.

—Browning—*A Toccata of Goluppi's*



## NOT YET

Mary E. Coleridge

1861-1907

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*For each, when gyves are fretting, a different balm must be. Some find  
it in forgetting and some in memory.*

Time brought me many another friend  
That loved me longer.  
New love was kind, but in the end  
Old love was stronger.

Years come and go. No New Year yet  
Hath slain December.  
And all that should have cried—'Forget!'  
Cries but—'Remember!'

---

# THE EARTH AND MAN

Stopford Brooke

1832-1916



*Stopford Brooke was an English theologian but in later years abandoned orthodoxy for the milder tenets of Unitarianism and for the kindness that is now his literary heritage.*

A little sun, a little rain,  
A soft wind blowing from the west—  
And woods and fields are sweet again,  
And warmth within the mountain's breast.

So simple is the earth we tread,  
So quick with love and life her frame:  
Ten thousand years have dawned and fled,  
And still her magic is the same.

A little love, a little trust,  
A soft impulse, a sudden dream—  
And life as dry as desert dust  
Is fresher than a mountain stream.

So simple is the heart of man,  
So ready for new hope and joy:  
Ten thousand years since it began  
Have left it younger than a boy.

## WHAT SHALL ENDURE?

J. C. Lindberg

*Those who have souls meet their fellows there.—Meredith*

The poet squanders time in idle dreams,  
While men rear towers, or build a Chinese wall.  
The world is troubled, mad with hectic schemes—  
The dreamer's song, perchance, outlives them all.





## IT'S RAINING DOWN IN GEORGIA

Edith L. Nichols

---

*Who loves the rain,  
And loves his home,  
And looks on life with quiet eyes.  
—Frances Shaw*

It's raining down in Georgia,  
The roads are pools of brown,  
And all the lovely daffodils  
Are drooping in the town.

Over in Ogeechee Creek,  
The scrub palmettos grow,  
And twisted, scraggly myrtle trees,  
Stand stiffly in a row.

Poets sing of summer skies,  
And sunshine everywhere,  
But it's raining down in Georgia,  
And no one seems to care.



## TOBACCO Anonymous



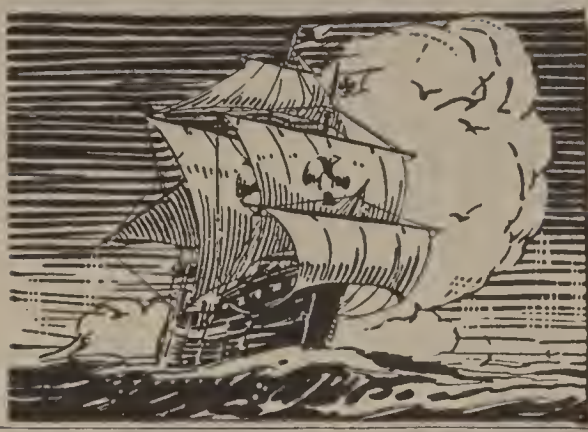
*And a woman is only a woman, but a good cigar's a smoke.  
—Kipling*

Tobacco is a dirty weed.  
I like it.  
It satisfies no normal need.  
I like it.  
It makes you thin;  
It makes you lean;  
It takes the hair right off your bean:  
It's the worst darn stuff I've ever seen.  
I like it.

# THE CONSTANT CANNIBAL MAIDEN

Wallace Irwin

1876-



*They would also serve  
Who only stand and wait.  
—Milton (not exactly)*

Far, oh, far is the Mango island,  
Far, oh, far is the tropical sea—  
Palms a-slant and the hills a-smile, and  
A cannibal maiden a-waiting for me.

I've been deceived by a damsèl Spanish,  
And Indian maidens both red and brown,  
A black-eyed Turk and a blue-eyed Danish,  
And a Puritan lassie of Salem town.

For the Puritan Prue she sets in the offing,  
A-castin' 'er eyes at a tall marine,  
And the Spanish minx is the wust at scoffing  
Of all the wimming I ever seen.

But the cannibal maid is a simple creetur,  
With a habit of gazin' over the sea,  
A-hopin' in vain for the day I'll meet 'er,  
And constant and faithful a-yearnin' for me.

Me Turkish sweetheart she played me double—  
Eloped with the Sultan Harum In-Deed,  
And the Danish damsel she made me trouble  
When she ups and married an oblong Swede.

But there's truth in the heart of the maid o' Mango,  
Though her cheeks is black like the kiln-baked cork,  
As she sets in the shade o' the whingo-whango,  
A-waitin' for me with a knife and fork.



## THRENODY

Ruth Guthrie Harding

1882.

*He would have taken a long, long grave—  
A long, long grave, for he stood so tall . . .  
Oh, God! the crash of a breaking wave,  
And the smell of the nets on the churchyard wall!*  
—Amelia Josephine Burr  
*A Lynmouth Widow*

There's a grass-grown road from the valley—  
A winding road and steep—  
That leads to the quiet hill-top,  
Where lies your love asleep . . .  
*While mine is lying, God knows where,  
A hundred fathoms deep.*

I saw you kneel at a grave-side—  
How still a grave can be,  
Wrapped in the tender starlight,  
Far from the moaning sea!  
*But through all dreams and starlight,  
The breakers call to me.*

Oh, steep is your way to Silence—  
But steeper the ways I roam,  
For never a road can take me  
Beyond the wind and foam,  
*And never a road can reach him  
Who lies so far from home.*



## THE HUMORIST

Keith Preston



He must not laugh at his own wheeze:  
A snuff box has no right to sneeze.



# AULD LANG SYNE

Robert Burns

1759-1796



Burns wrote to Mrs. Dunlop in 1788: "There is an old song and tune that has often thrilled through my soul." Then followed the draft of *Auld Lang Syne*. Five years later, September, 1793, he was writing to his publisher: "One song more and I have done, *Auld Lang Syne*. The air is but mediocre, but the old song . . . which has never been in print, not even in MS until I took it down from an old man's singing, is enough to recommend the air."

The original was not the air we know, and Burns seems to have acquiesced to its change by Thompson.

The origin of the song is uncertain. The words of the title were common and had been for centuries. There are several songs that faintly resemble the lines of Burns, notably those of Sir Robert Atoun, courtier in the days of James I (Jamestown), which began thus:

Should old acquaintance be forgot  
And never thought upon,  
The flames of love extinguished,  
And freely past and gone?  
Is thy kind heart now grown so cold  
In that loving breast of thine,  
That thou canst never once reflect  
On old long Syne.

Francis Semple and Allan Ramsay also wrote of *Auld Lang Syne*, but their verse is so far from that of Burns as to give credence to his statement that he had the song from an old man's singing. It is rather probable, then, that Burns completed or revised an unwritten minstrel song, and that his letter to Mrs. Dunlop was too modest.

A misprint is common even in good editions of the poem, in the use of a hyphen thus—willie-waught; whereas the adjective parallels our good will, guid-willie waught—that is a good-will drink.

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,  
And never brought to min'?  
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,  
And auld lang syne!



*For auld lang syne, my dear,  
 For auld lang syne,  
 We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,  
 For auld lang syne!*

We twa hae rin about the braes,  
 And pu'd the gowans fine;  
 But we've wander'd monie a weary fit  
 Sin' auld lang syne.

We twa hae padl't in the burn,  
 Frae mornin' sun till dine;  
 But seas between us braid hae roar'd  
 Sin' auld lang syne.

And here's a hand, my trusty fiere,  
 And gie's a hand o' thine;  
 And we'll tak a right guid-willie waught  
 For auld lang syne.

And surely ye'll be your pint-stowp,  
 And surely I'll be mine;  
 And we'll tak a cup o' kindness yet  
 For auld lang syne.



## FATE

R. K. Munkittrick



*Our wills and fates do so contrary run  
 That our devices still are overthrown —Shakspeare*

Once I planted some potatoes  
 In my garden fair and bright;  
 Unelated  
 Long I waited,  
 And no sprout appeared in sight.  
 But my "peachblows" in the cellar,  
 On the cold and grimy flag,  
 All serenely  
 Sprouted greenly  
 In an ancient paper bag.

## EPITAPHS

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*Epitaphs are varied—humorous, tender, tragic. It is a queer commentary on human thought that man should treat his own death as a subject of jest. It may be that, realizing our helplessness, we employ jest as a substitute for defense.*

*Tenderness one can understand, as when Mark Twain adapted the lovely verse of Richardson for the tombstone of his daughter. Tragedy is natural. But comedy—explain it yourself.*

*Some inscriptions are by the subject himself. Such was the great requiem, *Home Is the Sailor*, written in California ten years before it was graved on the tomb of Stevenson in the South Seas, and likewise the tragic lines of Keats in a cemetery in Rome.*

*Here is Byron's epitaph for Pitt:*

With death doomed to grapple,  
Beneath the cold slab he  
Who lied in the chapel  
Now lies in the abbey.

*Even in the churchyard it pays to advertise, as in Wiltshire, England:*

Beneath this stone in hopes of Zion  
Is laid the landlord of *The Lion*  
Resigned unto the Heavenly will—  
His son keeps on the business still.

*The ancient origin of our southern practice of riming pour and poor is seen in this English verse:*

Here I lie at the chancel door,  
Here I lie because I'm poor;  
The farther in the more you pay,  
Here I lie as warm as they.



*Some epitaphs have literary value, as this from Silton, England:*

Here lies a piece of Christ,—a star in dust,  
A vein of gold,—a china dish, that must  
Be used in heaven when God shall feed the just.

*Robert Herrick on Sir Edward Giles:*

But here's the sunset of a tedious day.  
These two asleep are; I'll but be undrest,  
And so to bed. Pray wish us all good rest.



*These are the much praised lines of Pope intended for the grave of Sir Isaac Newton:*

Nature and Nature's laws lay  
Hid in night:  
God said, "*Let Newton be!*" And  
There was light.

*Now lines from Aberdeen, Scotland:*

Here lies I, Martin Elmrod;  
Have mercy on my soul, gude God,  
As I would have gin I were God,  
And thou wert Martin Elmrod.

*The annals of the poor are short but not the hours:*

John Bird, a laborer, lies here,  
Who served the earth for sixty year,  
With spade and mattock and plough,  
But never found it kind till now.

*Anthony Hope Hawkins on a tablet to the memory of William S. Gilbert, of Gilbert and Sullivan fame:*

His foe was folly and his weapon wit.

*But most eloquent of all is the matchless epitaph from Westminster Abbey:*

O Rare Ben Jonson!



*Mark Twain adapted the lines from Robert Richardson for the grave of his daughter Susy.*

Warm summer sun, shine friendly here;  
Warm western wind, blow kindly here;  
Green sod above, rest light, rest light—  
Good-night, Annette! Sweetheart, good-night.

Warm summer sun, shine kindly here;  
Warm southern wind, blow safely here;  
Green sod above, lie light, lie light—  
Good night, dear heart; good night; good night.

*Burns could not resist his joke:*

As Father Adam first was fool'd,  
A case that's still too common,  
Here lies a man a woman ruled;  
The Devil ruled the woman.

*And tragic are the self-penned lines of John Keats, dying at twenty-six.*

Here lies one whose name was writ in water.

*Richard Watson Gilder wrote of them:*

"Whose name was writ in water!" What huge laughter  
Among the immortals when that word was brought!  
"All hail! our younger brother!" Shakespeare said,  
And Dante nodded his imperial head.

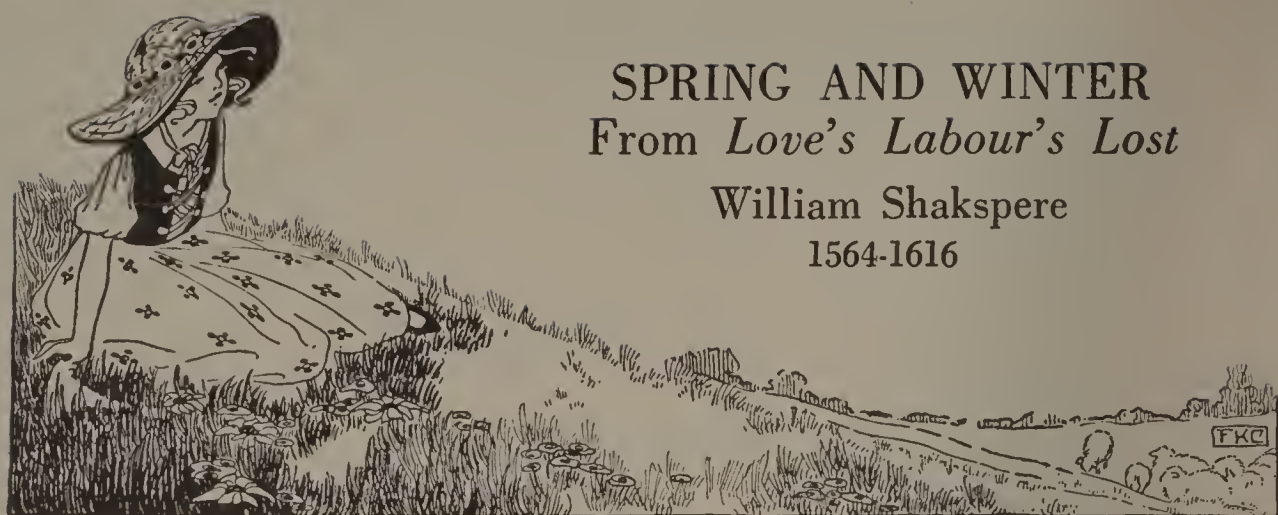
*George John Cayley's lines are not really an epitaph.*

A lovely young lady I mourn in my rhymes:  
She was pleasant, good-natured, and civil sometimes.  
Her figure was good; she had very fine eyes,  
And her talk was a mixture of foolish and wise.  
Her adorers were many, and one of them said,  
"She waltzed rather well! It's a pity she's dead."

*And someone, Mary Pypher, epitomizes life:*

I came at morn—'twas spring. I smiled,  
The fields with green were clad;  
I walked abroad at noon,—and lo!  
'Twas summer,—I was glad;  
I sate me down; 'twas autumn eve,  
And I with sadness wept;  
I laid me down at night, and then  
'Twas winter,—and I slept.





## SPRING AND WINTER From *Love's Labour's Lost*

William Shakspeare  
1564-1616

*Armado calls upon his attendants to sing for the king the closing lines of the play.*

*The cuckoo "mocks married men." There was a tradition that the notes of the cuckoo foretold unfaithfulness in wives, an enlightening commentary on the state of morals in the sixteenth century. And "greasy Joan doth keel the pot"—that is, skim the grease therefrom, which may explain the personal adjective. The turtle was the turtle dove.*

When daisies pied and violets blue,  
And lady-smocks all silver-white,  
And cuckoo buds of yellow hue  
Do paint the meadows with delight,  
The cuckoo then on every tree,  
Mocks married men; for thus sings he,  
"Cuckoo;  
Cuckoo, cuckoo,"—O word of fear,  
Unpleasing to a married ear!

When shepherds pipe on oaten straws,  
And merry larks are ploughmen's clocks,  
When turtles tread, and rooks, and daws,  
And maidens bleach their summer smocks,  
The cuckoo then on every tree,  
Mocks married men; for thus sings he,  
"Cuckoo;  
Cuckoo, cuckoo,"—O word of fear,  
Unpleasing to a married ear!

## WINTER

When icicles hang by the wall  
And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,  
And Tom bears logs into the hall,

And milk comes frozen home in pail,  
When blood is nipp'd and ways be foul,  
Then nightly sings the staring owl,  
"Tu-whoo;  
Tu-whit, tu-whoo,"—a merry note,  
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

When all aloud the wind doth blow  
And coughing drowns the parson's saw,  
And birds sit brooding in the snow,  
And Marian's nose looks red and raw,  
When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,  
Then nightly sings the staring owl,  
"Tu-whoo;  
Tu-whit, tu-whoo,"—a merry note,  
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

## TO A LITTLE GIRL

Helen Parry Eden

18—




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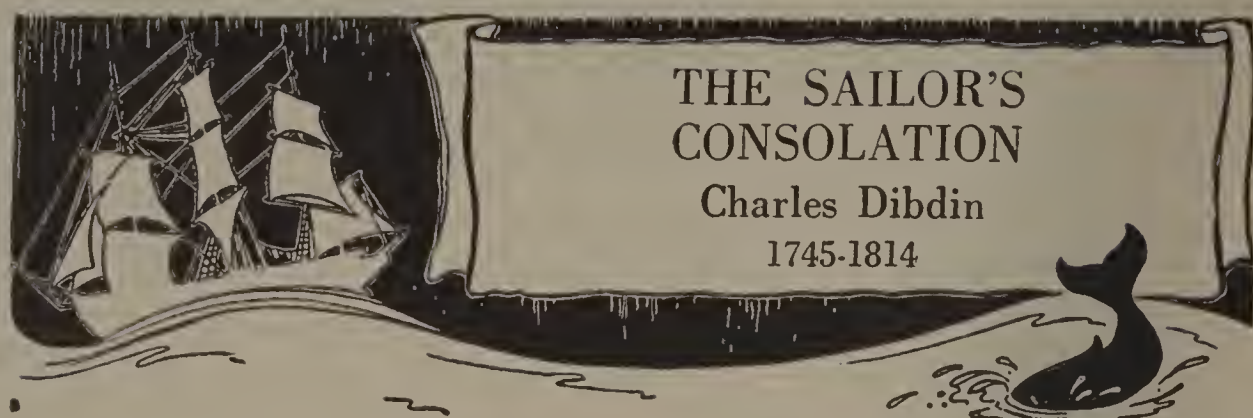
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*Did you ever ask yourself why we love  
a little child? Isn't it because we see in  
the child the embodiment of the two greatest human virtues—innocence  
(its adult name is honesty) and sincerity?*

You taught me ways of gracefulness and fashions of address,  
The mode of plucking pansies and the art of sowing cress,  
And how to handle puppies, with propitiatory pats  
For mother dogs, and little acts of courtesy to cats.

O connoisseur of pebbles, colored leaves and trickling rills,  
Whom seasons fit as do the sheaths that wrap the daffodils,  
Whose eyes' divine expectancy foretells some starry goal,  
You taught me here docility—and how to save my soul.

---



*Charles Dibdin was a musician, actor, poet, and novelist. Bowling is a general sea-name to him, and Tom Bowling his name for his own sea-faring brother, Captain Thomas Dibdin, of whom he wrote (Tom Bowling)—*

*Here, a sheer hulk, lies poor Tom Bowling,  
The darling of our crew;  
No more he'll hear the tempest howling,  
For death has broached him to.  
His form was of the manliest beauty,  
His heart was kind and soft;  
Faithful, below, he did his duty;  
But now he's gone aloft.*

*And Barney never met an auto!*

One night came on a hurricane,  
The sea was mountains rolling,  
When Barney Buntline turned his quid  
And said to Billy Bowling,  
"A strong nor'wester's blowing, Bill;  
Hark! don't ye hear it roar, now?  
Lord help 'em, how I pities them  
Unhappy folks on shore now!

"Foolhardy chaps who live in towns,  
What danger they are all in,  
And now lie quaking in their beds,  
For fear the roof should fall in;  
Poor creatures! how they envies us,  
And wishes, I've a notion,  
For our good luck, in such a storm,  
To be upon the ocean!

"And as for them who're out all day  
On business from their houses,  
And late at night are coming home,  
To cheer their babes and spouses,—



While you and I, Bill, on the deck  
Are comfortably lying,  
My eyes! what tiles and chimney-pots  
About their heads are flying!

“And very often have we heard  
How men are killed and undone  
By overturns of carriages,  
By thieves and fires in London;  
We know what risks all landsmen run,  
From noblemen to tailors;  
Then, Bill, let us thank Providence  
That you and I are sailors.”

## HIMSELF

Theodosia Garrison

1874-



*Theodosia Garrison (Mrs. Frederic J. Faulks) was born at Newark, N. J., in 1874. Her poem Himself is distinctly of Irish flavor and pictures with delightful humor and fidelity the head of an Irish-American home.*

The houseful that we were then, you could count us by the dozens,  
The wonder was that sometimes the old walls wouldn't burst;  
Herself (the Lord be good to her!), the aunts and rafts of cousins,  
The young folks and the children—but Himself came first.

Master of the House he was, and well for them that knew it;  
His cheeks like winter apples and his head like snow;  
Eyes as blue as water when the sun of March shines through it,  
An' steppin' like a soldier with his stick held so.

Faith of the House he was, and that beyond all sayin',  
Eh, the times I've heard his exhortin' from his chair  
The like of any Bishop, yet snappin' off his prayin'  
To put the curse on Phelan's dog for howlin' in the prayer.



The times I've seen him walkin' out like Solomon in glory,  
 Salutin' with great elegance the gentry he might meet;  
 An eye for every pretty girl, an ear for every story,  
 And takin' as his just deserts the middle of the street.

Master of the House—with much to love and be forgiven,  
 Yet, thinkin' of Himself today—Himself—I see him go  
 With that old light step of his across the Courts of Heaven,  
 His hat a little sideways and his stick held so.



## IMMORTALIS

David Morton

1886-

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*And turn and toss your brown delightful  
 head  
 Amusedly, among the ancient dead.  
 —Rupert Brooke*

All loved and lovely women dear to rhyme:  
 Thais, Cassandra, Helen and their fames,  
 Burn like tall candles through forgotten time,  
 Lighting the Past's dim arras with their names.  
 Around their faces wars the eager dark  
 Wherein all other lights are sunken now,  
 Yet, casting back, the seeker still may mark  
 A flame of hair, a bright immortal brow.  
 Surely, where they have passed, one after one,  
 Wearing their radiance to the darkened room,—  
 Surely, newcomers to Oblivion  
 May still descry in that all-quenching gloom,  
 Rare faces lovely, lifted and alight,  
 Like tapers burning through the windy night.

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## THE SABBATH

Anonymous

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*Beware of the man whose god is in the skies.*  
—Bernard Shaw  
*Maxims for a Revolutionist*



The little lonely souls go by  
Seeking their God who lives on high,  
With conscious step and hat and all,  
As if on him they meant to call  
In some sad ceremonial.

But I, who am a pagan child,  
Who know how dying Plato smiled,  
And how Confucius lessoned kings,  
And of the Buddha's wanderings,  
Find God in very usual things.

I would not take from them their faith  
That somehow Jesus rose from death,  
Yet strange for me the Crucified  
Stands almost breathing by my side  
Who do not think he ever died.



## THE EAGLE



Alfred Tennyson

1809-1892

*Eagles fly alone; they are but sheep  
That always flock together.*  
—Politeuphuia (1669)

He clasps the crag with crooked hands;  
Close to the sun in lonely lands,  
Ring'd with the azure world, he stands.

The wrinkled sea beneath him crawls;  
He watches from his mountain walls,  
And like a thunderbolt he falls.



## SPOUSE

Edwin Quarles

1880-1932

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*He better wait!*

Logs and mud are a house for me,  
And the dog-rose keeps my gate.  
Whoever she comes as spouse for me—  
But maybe I better wait.

Maybe I better look for me  
A maid that would mind the cold,  
And walk from the wind like a silver tree  
With the top leaves turned to gold.

Maybe there's one that hasn't a man,  
Would look to a man like me,—  
And she would think there wasn't a man  
Steady as I would be.

But would she lean like a birch to me?  
Maybe I better wait:  
The dogwood smells of a church to me,  
And the dog-rose keeps my gate.



## AS TO THE WEATHER

Anonymous



*"The winters ain't so cold as they used to be. Why I remember—"*

I remember, I remember,  
Ere my childhood flitted by,  
It was cold then in December,  
And was warmer in July.  
In the winter there were freezings—  
In the sumer there were thaws;  
But the weather isn't now at all  
Like what it used to was!

## LEONAINIE

James Whitcomb Riley

1849-1916



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*In the early days of the poet Riley, literary editors of the great literary New York, and New England, refused apparently to accept anything coming out of the west. Riley found Indiana to be bar-sinister to his ambitions. And thereupon he perpetrated good naturedly one of the master hoaxes of literature.*

*Obtaining a well-worn copy of Ainsworth's Latin Dictionary, he wrote with faded ink therein the name Edgar Allen Poe, and on a flyleaf, the exquisite poem Léonainie. Taking it to a local paper and explaining the trick, he with the connivance of the editor, caused the story and the poem to fall into the hands of the great critics of the east. It was immediately the sensation of the decade, critics vying among themselves in the extravagance of their praise. It was, so they said, unquestionably the resurrection of a great and lost poem of dead Edgar Allen Poe, a fitting companion to Annabel Lee. And then Riley confessed.*

LEONAINIE—angels named her;  
And they took the light  
Of the laughing stars and framed her  
In a smile of white;  
And they made her hair of gloomy  
Midnight, and her eyes of bloomy  
Moonshine, and they brought her to me  
In the solemn night.

In a solemn night of summer,  
When my heart of gloom  
Blossomed up to greet the comer  
Like a rose in bloom;  
All forebodings that distressed me  
I forgot as Joy caressed me—  
(Lying Joy! that caught and pressed me  
In the arms of doom!)

Only spake the little lisper  
In the Angel-tongue;



Yet I, listening, heard her whisper,—  
 “Songs are only sung  
 Here below that they may grieve you—  
 Tales but told you to deceive you,—  
 So must Leonainie leave you  
 While her love is young.”

Then God smiled and it was morning.  
 Matchless and supreme  
 Heaven's glory seemed adorning  
 Earth with its esteem:  
 Every heart but mine seemed gifted  
 With the voice of prayer, and lifted  
 Where my Leonainie drifted  
 From me like a dream.



## MIDNIGHT

*From A Midsummer-Night's Dream*

William Shakspeare

1564-1616

*Theseus, Duke of Athens, speaks:*

*The iron tongue of midnight hath told twelve.  
 Lovers to bed; 'tis almost fairy time.  
 I fear we shall outsleep the coming morn.*

*Enter Robin Goodfellow:*

Now the hungry lion roars,  
 And the wolf behowls the moon;  
 Whilst the heavy ploughman snores,  
 All with weary task fordone.

Now the wasted brands do glow,  
 Whilst the screech-owl, screeching loud,  
 Puts the wretch that lies in woe  
 In remembrance of a shroud.

Now it is the time of night  
That the graves, all gaping wide,  
Everyone lets forth his sprite  
In the church-way paths to glide.

And we fairies, that do run  
By the triple Hecate's team  
From the presence of the sun,  
Following darkness like a dream,

Now are frolic. Not a mouse  
Shall disturb this hallowed house.  
I am sent with broom before,  
To sweep the dust behind the door.

SIMPLEX MUNDITIIS

From *Epicoene*

Ben Jonson

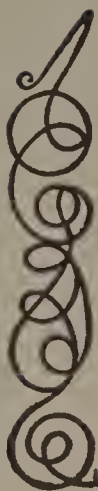
1573?-1637



*Oh modern lady, are lines four, five, and six right!*

Still to be neat, still to be dressed  
As you were going to a feast;  
Still to be powdered, still perfumed:  
Lady, it is to be presumed,  
Though art's hid causes are not found,  
All is not sweet, all is not sound.

Give me a look, give me a face,  
That makes simplicity a grace;  
Robes loosely flowing, hair as free:  
Such sweet neglect more taketh me  
Than all the adulteries of art;  
They strike my eyes, but not my heart.



## LION AND LIONESS

Edwin Markham

1852-



*We are two lions litter'd in one day,  
And I the elder and more terrible.*

—Julius Caesar

One night we were together, you and I,  
And had unsown Assyria for a lair,  
Before the walls of Babylon rose in air.  
Low languid hills were heaped along the sky,  
And white bones marked the wells of alkali,  
When suddenly down the lion-path a sound . . .  
The wild man-odor . . . then a crouch, a bound,  
And the frail Thing fell quivering with a cry!  
Your yellow eyes burned beautiful with light:  
The dead man lay there quieted and white:  
I roared my triumph over the desert wide,  
Then stretched out, glad of the sands and satisfied;  
And through the long, star-stilled Assyrian night,  
I felt your body breathing by my side.



## LINES BY AN OLD FOGY

Anonymous



*And straighten the roads in Yellowstone Park.*

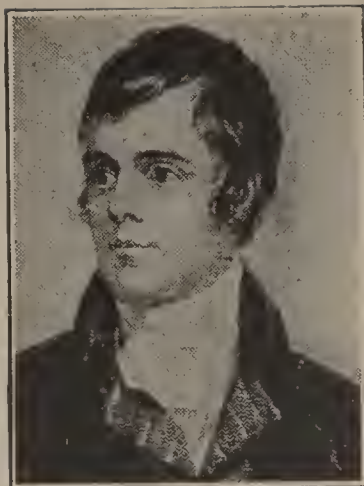
I'm thankful that the sun and moon  
Are both hung up so high,  
That no presumptuous hand can stretch  
And pull them from the sky.

If they were not, I have no doubt  
But some reforming ass  
Would recommend to take them down  
And light the world with gas.

# TAM O'SHANTER

Robert Burns

1759-1796



*Tam o'Shanter will always be a part of the literary education of English speaking people. It is kindly, humorous, colorful, and possessed of genuine poetic inspiration. And it is the funniest poem in the language.*

*Gilbert Burns writes:*

*Robert requested of Captain Grose, when he should come to Ayrshire, that he would make a drawing of Alloway Kirk, as it was the burial-place of his father, where he himself had a sort of claim to lay down his bones when they should be no longer serviceable to him; and added, by way of encouragement, that it was the scene of many a good story of witches and apparitions, of which he knew the captain was very fond. The captain agreed to the request, provided the poet would furnish a witch-story, to be printed along with it.*

*Burns' wife says he wrote the poem in one day. The original of Tam was Douglas Graham, farmer, of Shanter, in Carrick. Souter (shoemaker) Johnny was John Davidson of Kirkoswald.*

When chapman billies leave the street,  
And drouthy neebors, neebors meet,  
As market-days are wearing late,  
And folk begin to tak the gate;  
While we sit bousing at the nappy,  
And gettin' fou and unco happy,  
We think na on the lang Scots miles.  
The mosses, waters, slaps, and stiles,  
That lie between us and our hame,  
Where sits our sulky, sullen dame,  
Nursing her wrath to keep it warm.

This truth fand honest Tam o'Shanter  
As he frae Ayr ae night did canter  
(Auld Ayr, wham ne'er a town surpasses,  
For honest men and bonie lasses).



O Tam! had'st thou but been sae wise,  
As ta'en thy ain wife Kate's advice!  
She tauld thee weel thou wast a skellum;  
A blethering, blustering, drunken blellum;  
That frae November till October,  
Ae market-day thou wasna sober;  
That ilka melder wi' the Miller  
Thou sat as lang as thou had siller;  
That ev'ry naig was ca'd a shoe on  
The smith and thee got roarin' fou on;  
That at the Lord's house, ev'n on Sunday,  
Thou drank wi' Kirkton Jean till Monday;  
She prophesied that late or soon,  
Thou wad be found deep drown'd in Doon,  
Or catch'd wi' warlocks in the mirk,  
By Alloway's auld haunted kirk.

Ah, gentle dames! It gars me greet,  
To think how monie counsels sweet,  
How monie lengthened sage advices,  
The husband frae the wife despises!

But to our tale:—Ae market-night,  
Tam had got planted unco right,  
Fast by an ingle, bleezing finely,  
Wi' reaming swats, that drank divinely;  
And at his elbow, Souter Johnny,  
His ancient, trusty, drouthy crony;  
Tam lo'ed him like a vera brither—  
They had been fou for weeks thegither!  
The night drave on wi' sangs and clatter,  
And aye the ale was growing better;  
The landlady and Tam grew gracious,  
Wi' favors secret, sweet, and precious;  
The souter tauld his queerest stories,  
The landlord's laugh was ready chorus;  
The storm without might rair and rustle—  
Tam did na mind the storm a whistle.

Care, mad to see a man sae happy,  
E'en drowned himself amang the nappy!

---

As bees flee hame wi' lades o' treasure,  
The minutes winged their way wi' pleasure:  
Kings may be blest, but Tam was glorious,  
O'er a' the ills o' life victorious.

But pleasures are like poppies spread,—  
You seize the flower, its bloom is shed;  
Or like the snowfall in the river,—  
A moment white—then melts forever;  
Or like the borealis race,  
That flit ere you can point their place;  
Or like the rainbow's lovely form,  
Evanishing amid the storm.

Nae man can tether time or tide;  
The hour approaches Tam maun ride:  
That hour, o' night's black arch the keystone,  
That dreary hour he mounts his beast in;  
And sic a night he takes the road in  
As ne'er poor sinner was abroad in.

The wind blew as 't wad blawn its last;  
The rattling showers rose on the blast;  
The speedy gleams the darkness swallowed;  
Loud, deep, and lang the thunder bellowed:  
That night, a child might understand,  
The Deil had business on his hand.

Weel mounted on his gray mare, Meg,  
(A better never lifted leg,)  
Tam skelpit on through dub and mire,  
Despising wind, and rain, and fire;  
Whiles holding fast his guid blue bonnet,  
Whiles crooning o'er some auld Scots sonnet;  
Whiles glowering round wi' prudent cares,  
Lest bogles catch him unawares:—  
Kirk-Alloway was drawing nigh,  
Where ghaists and houlets nightly cry.

By this time he was cross the ford,  
Where in the snaw the chapman smooored;

---

And past the birks and meikle stane,  
Where drunken Charlie brak 's neck-bane;  
And through the whins, and by the cairn,  
Where hunters fand the murdered bairn;  
And near the thorn, aboon the well,  
Where Mungo's mither hanged hersel'.

Before him Doon pours all his floods;  
The doubling storm roars through the woods;  
The lightnings flash from pole to pole;  
Near and more near the thunders roll;  
When, glimmering through the groaning trees,  
Kirk-Alloway seemed in a bleeze;  
Through ilka bore the beams were glancing,  
And loud resounded mirth and dancing.

Inspiring bold John Barleycorn,  
What dangers thou canst make us scorn!  
Wi' tippenny, we fear nae evil;  
Wi' usquebae, we'll face the devil!  
The swats sae reamed in Tammie's noddle,  
Fair play, he cared na deils a boddle.  
But Maggie stood right sair astonished,  
Till, by the heel and hand admonished,  
She ventured forward on the light;  
And, vow! Tam saw an unco sight!  
Warlocks and witches in a dance;  
Nae cotillion brent new frae France,  
But hornpipes, jigs, strathspeys, and reels,  
Put life and mettle in their heels.  
A winnock-bunker in the east,  
There sat auld Nick, in shape o' beast;  
A towzie tyke, black, grim, and large,  
To gie them music was his charge;  
He screwed the pipes and gart them skirl,  
Till roof and rafters a' did dirl.  
Coffins stood round, like open presses,  
That shawed the dead in their last dresses;

And by some devilish cantrip slight  
Each in its cauld hand held a light:

---

By which heroic Tam was able  
To note upon the haly table,  
A murderer's banes in gibbet airns;  
Twa span-lang, wee unchristened bairns;  
A thief, new-cuttet frae the rape,  
Wi' his last gasp his gab did gape;  
Five tomahawks, wi' bluid red-rusted;  
Five scimitars, wi' murder crusted;  
A garter which a babe had strangled;  
A knife, a father's throat had mangled,  
Whom his ain son o' life bereft,—  
The gray hairs yet stack to the heft:  
Wi' mair o' horrible and awfu',  
Which even to name wad be unlawfu'!

As Tammie glow'red, amazed and curious,  
The mirth and fun grew fast and furious:  
The piper loud and louder blew;  
The dancers quick and quicker flew;  
They reeled, they set, they crossed, they cleekit,  
Till ilka carlin swat and reekit,  
And coost her duddies to the wark,  
And linket at it in her sark!

Now Tam, O Tam! had thae been queans,  
A' plump and strappin' in their teens;  
Their sarks, instead o' creeshie flannen,  
Been snaw-white seventeen-hunder linen!  
Thir breeks o' mine, my only pair,  
That ance were plush, o' guid blue hair,  
I wad hae gi'en them off my hurdies,  
For ae blink o' the bonny burdies!  
But withered beldams, auld and droll,  
Rigwooddie hags wad spean a foal,  
Louping and flinging on a cummock,  
I wonder didna turn thy stomach.

But Tam kenned what was what fu' brawlie;  
There was ae winsome wench and walie,  
That night enlisted in the core,  
(Lang after kenned on Carrick shore;

---



For monie a beast to dead she shot,  
And perished monie a bonny boat,  
And shook baith meikle corn and bear,  
And kept the country-side in fear.)  
Her cutty-sark, o' Paisley harn,  
That while a lassie she had worn,  
In longitude though sorely scanty,  
It was her best, and she was vauntie.  
Ah! little kenned thy reverend grannie  
That sark she coft for her wee Nannie,  
Wi' twa pund Scots ('t was a' her riches),  
Wad ever graced a dance o' witches!

But here my Muse her wing maun cour;  
Sic flights are far beyond her power;—  
To sing how Nannie lap and flang  
(A souple jade she was, and strang),  
And how Tam stood like ane bewitched,  
And thought his very e'en enriched;  
Even Satan glow' red and fidget fu' fain,  
And hotched and blew wi' might and main:  
Till first ae caper, syne anither,  
Tam tint his reason a' thegither,  
And roars out: "Weel done, Cutty-sark!"  
And in an instant all was dark:  
And scarcely had he Maggie rallied,  
When out the hellish legion sallied.  
As bees bizz out wi' angry fyke,  
When plundering herds assail their byke;  
As open poussie's mortal foes,  
When, pop! she starts before their nose;  
As eager runs the market-crowd,  
When "Catch the thief!" resounds aloud;  
So Maggie runs, the witches follow,  
Wi' monie an eldritch screech and hollow.

Ah, Tam! ah, Tam! thou 'll get thy fairin'!  
In hell they 'll roast thee like a herrin'!  
In vain thy Kate awaits thy comin';  
Kate soon will be a woefu' woman!  
Now, do thy speedy utmost, Meg,

---

And win the keystone o' the brig;  
 There at them thou thy tail may toss;  
 A running-stream they darena cross!  
 But ere the keystone she could make,  
 The fient a tail she had to shake!  
 For Nannie, far before the rest,  
 Hard upon noble Maggie prest,  
 And flew at Tam wi' furious ettle,—  
 But little wist she Maggie's mettle!  
 Ae spring brought off her master hale,  
 But left behind her ain gray tail:  
 The carlin claut her by the rump,  
 And left poor Maggie scarce a stump.

Now, wha this tale o' truth shall read,  
 Ilk man and mother's son, take heed!  
 Whene'er to drink you are inclined,  
 Or cutty-sarks run in your mind,  
 Think ye may buy the joys o'er dear,—  
 Remember Tam o' Shanter's mare.

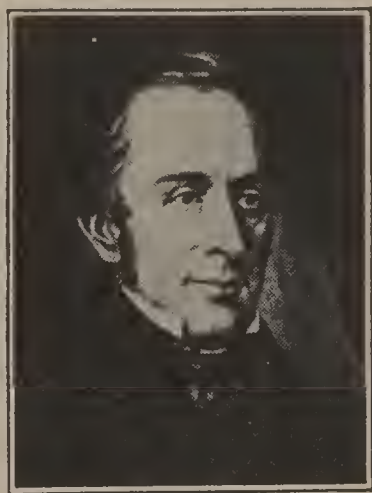
## TO MINERVA

Thomas Hood

1799-1845

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*Minerva—wisdom, and her Goddess of the Owl, Pallas, are for the moment, winning second in the the race with Thyrsis, of rustic song.*



My temples throb, my pulses boil,  
 I'm sick of Song, and Ode, and Ballad—  
 So, Thyrsis, take the Midnight Oil,  
 And pour it on a lobster salad.

My brain is dull, my sight is foul,  
 I cannot write a verse or read,—  
 Then, Pallas, take away thine Owl,  
 And let me have a lark instead.

---



## THE SNOB

Virginia McCormick

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*Virginia Taylor McCormick was for years editor of The Lyric. This clever bit of open satire easily qualifies as humor.*

She knew a lord. "I met him once, my dear,  
In London"—and her eyes shone at the thought;  
"And Baron So-and-So, a dashing peer."

A young lieutenant whose grandfather fought  
At Flodden Field had led her out to dance.

She had a button that adorned a king,  
A ribbon from a Chevalier of France,  
Gossip to last you through an evening.

Her name high fashion's charities has graced,  
Yet sick and beggared passed her unaware;  
No poor relation ever could have faced

Her jeweled lorgnon, with its brittle stare.  
Now she is dead she greets Christ with a nod,—  
(He was a carpenter)—but she knows God.

## ❖❖ LOVE NOT ME FOR COMELY GRACE ❖❖

Anonymous

Love not me for comely grace,  
For my pleasing eye or face,  
Nor for any outward part,  
No, nor for my constant heart;  
For those may fail or turn to ill,  
So thou and I shall sever.  
Keep therefore a true woman's eye,  
And love me still, but know not why;  
So hast thou the same reason still  
To dote upon me ever.

# WINE AND WATER

Gilbert K. Chesterton

1874-1936

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*Even in his strokes of intended humor, Chesterton writes poetry.*



Old Noah he had an ostrich farm and fowls on the largest scale,  
He ate his egg with a ladle in an egg-cup big as a pail,  
And the soup he took was Elephant Soup and the fish he took was  
Whale,

But they all were small to the cellar he took when he set out to sail;  
And Noah he often said to his wife when he sat down to dine,  
“I don’t care where the water goes if it doesn’t get into the wine.”

The cataract of the cliff of heaven fell blinding off the brink  
As if it would wash the stars away as suds go down the sink,  
The seven heavens came roaring down for the throats of hell to  
drink,

And Noah he cocked his eye and said, “It looks like rain, I think,  
The water has drowned the Matterhorn as deep as a Mendic mine,  
But I don’t care where the water goes if it doesn’t get into the wine.”

But Noah he sinned, and we have sinned; on tipsy feet we trod,  
Till a great big black teetotaller was sent to us for a rod,  
And you can’t get wine at a P. S. A., or chapel, or Eisteddfod,  
But the Curse of Water has come again because of the wrath of God,  
And water is on the Bishop’s board and the Higher Thinker’s shrine,  
But I don’t care where the water goes if it doesn’t get into the wine.

## TIME

Jean Herrick

Made, bitter-sweet, from the fruits of life,  
There is a wine.  
It quenches every human thirst—  
We call it Time.





## PERSIA

Richard Henry Stoddard

1825-1903

*Some poems echo unbid in the caverns of memory without a defense of reason. This is such a one. But perhaps there is a reason—the caravans across the cut horizons to the ancient capital Ispahan (now Isfahan); the sudden burst of roses in the town; songs and spices—and silence; they parted in the streets of Ispahan.*

*The poem appeared in Stoddard's Songs of Summer, 1856.*

We parted in the streets of Ispahan.  
I stopped my camel at the city gate;  
Why did I stop? I left my heart behind.

I heard the sighing of thy garden palms,  
I saw the roses burning up with love;  
I saw thee not: thou wert no longer there,

We parted in the streets of Ispahan.  
A moon has passed since that unhappy day;  
It seems an age: The days are long as years!

I send thee gifts by every caravan;  
I send thee flasks of attar, spices, pearls;  
I write thee songs on golden-powdered scrolls.

I meet the caravans when they return.  
'What news?' I ask: The drivers shake their heads:  
We parted in the streets of Ispahan.



## RETRIBUTION

Dorothy Quick

*Variety—1933*

She wanted this, she wanted that,  
She never really was content  
Until she lost the things she had  
And found out what contentment meant.



From

## ODE TO A NIGHTINGALE

John Keats

1795-1821



---

*In the spring of 1819, a nightingale had built her nest next to Mr. Bevan's house. Keats took great pleasure in her song, and one morning took his chair from the breakfast table to the plot under the plum tree.*

—Lord Houghton

*There he wrote the ode. This is stanza seven.*

Thou wast not born for death, immortal Bird!

No hungry generations tread thee down;  
The voice I hear this passing night was heard

In ancient days by emperor and clown:  
Perhaps the self-same song that found a path  
Through the sad heart of Ruth, when, sick for home,  
She stood in tears amid the alien corn;  
The same that oft-times hath

Charm'd magic casements, opening on the foam  
Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn.



## MY NANNIE'S AWA'



Robert Burns

1759-1796

*It is believed that Nannie was Agnes Craig M'Lehose, estranged wife of a man living in Jamaica, the Clarinda of the famous correspondence, Sylvander and Clarinda.*

Thou laverock that springs frae the dew's o' the lawn,  
The shepherd to warn o' the gray-breaking dawn;  
And thou mellow mavis that hails the night fa',  
Give over for pity—my Nannie's awa'!

Come autumn, sae pensive, in yellow and gray,  
And soothe me with tidings o' Nature's decay:

The dark dreary winter and wild driving snaw  
Alane can delight me—now Nannie's awa'!

Now in her green mantle blithe Nature arrays,  
And listens the lambkins that bleat o'er the braes,  
While birds warble welcomes in ilka green shaw;  
But to me it's delightless—my Nannie's awa'!

The snawdrap and primrose our woodlands adorn,  
And violets bathe in the weet o' the morn;  
They pain my sad bosom, sae sweetly they blaw,  
They mind me o' Nannie—and Nannie's awa'!



## IN CITY STREETS

Ada Smith

18-

*For her ain countrie!*

Yonder in the heather there's a bed for sleeping,  
Drink for one athirst, ripe blackberries to eat;  
Yonder in the sun the merry hares go leaping,  
And the pool is clear for travel-wearied feet.

Sorely throb my feet, a-tramping London highways,  
(Oh! the springy moss upon a northern moor!)  
Through the endless streets, the gloomy squares and  
by-ways,  
Homeless in the city, poor among the poor.

London streets are gold—ah, give me leaves a-glinting  
Midst gray dykes and hedges in the autumn sun!

London water's wine, poured out for all unstinting—  
God! for the little brooks that tumble as they run!

Oh, my heart is fain to hear the soft wind blowing,  
Soughing through the fir-tops up on northern fells!  
Oh my eye's an ache to see the brown burns flowing  
Through the peaty soil and the twinkling heather bells.

## THERE IS NO HELL

Marjorie F. Wagner

---

*"There ain't no hell."  
"The hell there ain't!"*



"There is no Hell," you say; but I, who listen,  
Am silent, pondering. I know too well  
Behind the light that you admire glisten  
The raging flames—the blazing fires of Hell.

You do not recognize its hidden portals—  
The little doors that open to a touch.  
They mask themselves to dupe unwary mortals  
Who long for exploration overmuch.

There is no Hell? I know its every highway.  
I know each signpost pointing to despair.  
I wandered down each twisted, anguished byway,  
To find pain and remorse awaiting there.

There is no Hell? Hell lies round and about you.  
Souls in dire torment greet you with a smile.  
They hide their desperate knowledge—not to flout you—  
But hoping Fate may spare you for a while.

There *is* a Hell—to each his private burning;  
To each his hidden heartache and regret.  
"And is there, then, no Heaven for our yearning?"  
I do not know. I have not found it yet.

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## THE UNWILLING GYPSY

Josephine Johnson

*I never smell the west wind that blows the golden skies  
But old desire is in my feet and dreams are in my eyes.*

—Dana Burnet

The wide green earth is mine to wander;  
Each path that beckons I may follow free,  
Sea to gray sea.  
But O, that one walled garden, small and sheltered,  
Belonged to me!

High on the mountain top I watch the sunset,  
Its splendid fires flare upward and burn low,  
Ah, once to know  
Down in the twilight lowlands, dim and tender,  
My own hearth-glow!

Night falls. A thousand stars look down upon me,  
But though from inland plain to ocean's foam  
My steps may roam,  
One clear fixed star forever is denied me. . . .  
The light of home!



## GROWING OLD

Walter Learned

1847-1915



*Now that I number forty years, I'm quite as often told of this or that  
I shouldn't do because I'm growing old.*

Sweet sixteen is shy and cold,  
Calls me "sir," and thinks me old;  
Hears in an embarrassed way  
All the compliments I pay;

Finds my homage quite a bore,  
Will not smile on me, and more  
To her taste she finds the noise  
And the chat of callow boys.

Not the lines around my eye,  
Deepening as the years go by;  
Not white hairs that strew my head,  
Nor my less elastic tread;

Cares I find, nor joys I miss,  
Make me feel my years like this:  
Sweet sixteen is shy and cold,  
Calls me "sir," and thinks me old.

## LIONS AND ANTS

Walt Mason

1862-

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*Walt Mason came into prominence chiefly for his cheery and humorous poems set in prose form and widely syndicated in American newspapers.*



Once a hunter met a lion near the hungry critter's lair, and the way that lion mauled him was decidedly unfair; but the hunter never whimpered when the surgeons, with their thread, sewed up forty-seven gashes in his mutilated head; and he showed the scars in triumph, and they gave him pleasant fame, and he always blessed the lion that had camped upon his frame. Once that hunter, absent minded, sat upon a hill of ants, and about a million bit him, and you should have seen him dance! And he used up lots of language of a deep magenta tint, and apostrophized the insects in a style unfit to print. And it's thus with worldly troubles; when the big ones come along, we serenely go to meet them, feeling valiant, bold and strong, but the weary little worries with their poisoned stings and smarts, put the lid upon our courage, make us gray, and break our hearts.

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## THE LISTENERS

Walter de la Mare

1873-

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*Walter de la Mare stands alone in English literature in his power of giving to words an iridescent mystery, like the memory of a splendor dreamed. His "moon-soaked wonder and nursery-rhyme whimsicality" is beautifully evident in *The Listeners*.*

"Is there anybody there?" said the Traveller,  
Knocking on the moonlit door;  
And his horse in the silence champ'd the grasses  
Of the forest's ferny floor.  
And a bird flew up out of the turret,  
Above the Traveller's head:  
And he smote upon the door again a second time;  
"Is there anybody there?" he said.  
But no one descended to the Traveller;  
No head from the leaf-fringed sill  
Leaned over and looked into his grey eyes,  
Where he stood perplexed and still.  
But only a host of phantom listeners  
That dwelt in the lone house then  
Stood listening in the quiet of the moonlight  
To that voice from the world of men:  
Stood thronging the faint moonbeams on the dark stair,  
That goes down the empty hall,  
Harkening in an air stirred and shaken  
By the lonely Traveller's call.  
And he felt in his heart their strangeness,  
Their stillness answering his cry,  
While his horse moved, cropping the dark turf,  
'Neath the starred and leafy sky;  
For he suddenly smote on the door, even  
Louder, and lifted his head:—  
"Tell them I came, and no one answered,  
That I kept my word," he said.  
Never the least stir made the listeners,  
Though every word he spake



Fell echoing through the shadowiness of the still house  
 From the one man left awake:  
 Ay, they heard his foot upon the stirrup,  
 And the sound of iron on stone,  
 And how the silence surged softly backward,  
 When the plunging hoofs were gone.

## PASSIONATE SHEPHERD

Christopher Marlowe

-1593



*Christopher (Kit) Marlowe, Shakspeare, Jonson, Beaumont, Fletcher—these were chief of the merry souls wont to drink and gossip at the Mermaid Inn where conversation was—*

*So nimble, and so full of subtle flame,  
 As if that every one from whence they came  
 Had meant to put his whole wit in a jest,  
 And had resolved to live a fool the rest  
 Of his dull life.* —Beaumont

*Poor Kit was killed in a tavern brawl by a "bawdy serving man," in rivalry for a worthless woman's favor.*

Come live with me and be my love,  
 And we will all the pleasures prove  
 That hills and valleys, dales and fields,  
 Woods or steepy mountain yields.

And we will sit upon the rocks,  
 Seeing the shepherds feed their flocks,  
 By shallow rivers, to whose falls  
 Melodious birds sing madrigals.

And I will make thee beds of roses,  
 And a thousand fragrant posies;  
 A cap of flowers and a kirtle  
 Embroidered all with leaves of myrtle.





## THE GRAND MATCH

Moira O'Neill

---

*One wife is too much for most husbands  
to bear.*

*—Gay—Beggar's Opera*

Dennis was hearty when Dennis was young,  
High was his step in the jig that he sprung,  
*He* had the looks an' the sootherin' tongue—  
An' he wanted a girl wid a fortune.

Nannie was gray-eyed and Nannie was tall,  
Fair was the face hid inunder her shawl,  
Troth! an' he liked her the best o' them all—  
But she'd not a *traneen* to her fortune.

He be to look out for a liklier match,  
So he married a girl that was counted a catch,  
An' as ugly as need be, the dark little patch—  
But that was a trifle, he told her.

She brought him her good-lookin' gold to admire,  
She brought him her good-lookin' cows to his byre,  
But far from good lookin' she sat by his fire—  
An' paid him that "trifle" he told her.

He met pretty Nan when a month had gone by,  
An' he thought, like a fool, to get round her he'd try;  
Wid a smile on her lip an' a spark in her eye,  
She said, "How is the woman that owns ye?"

Och, never be tellin' the life that he's led!  
Sure, many's the night that he'll wish himself dead,  
For the sake of two eyes in a pretty girl's head—  
An' the tongue of the woman that owns him.

# THERE WAS A LITTLE GIRL

Anonymous

*This little poem in a slightly different form has been ascribed to Longfellow. His son says that he composed it while walking up and down the garden with his second daughter in his arms. However, he may have been repeating a current rime, and he may have given it a variation. At least no official edition of his works contains the poem. The best argument against the Longfellow claim is that the traditional form is the better poetry.*



*The Longfellow version has as its second stanza—*

*She stood <sup>up</sup> on her head, on her little trundle-bed,  
With nobody by for to hinder;  
She screamed and she squalled, she yelled and she bawled,  
And drummed her little heels against the winder.*

There was a little girl,  
And she had a little curl  
Right in the middle of her forehead.  
When she was good  
She was very, very good,  
And when she was bad she was horrid.

One day she went upstairs,  
When her parents, unawares,  
In the kitchen were occupied with meals  
And she stood upon her head  
In her little trundle-bed,  
And then began hooraying with her heels.

Her mother heard the noise,  
And she thought it was the boys  
A-playing at a combat in the attic;  
But when she climbed the stair,  
And found Jemima there,  
She took and she did spank her most emphatic.



## SONG AGAINST WOMEN

Willard Huntington Wright

1888

*I fear no power a woman wields  
While I can have the woods and fields,  
With comradeship alone of gun,  
Gray marsh-wastes and the burning sun.*

—Ernest McGaffey

*Mr. Wright is also a novelist, pen name S. S. Van Dine.*

Why should I sing of women  
And the softness of night,  
When the dawn is loud with battle  
And the day's teeth bite,  
And there's a sword to lay my hand to  
And a man's fight?

Why should I sing of women? . . .  
There's life in the sun,  
And red adventure calling  
Where the roads run,  
And cheery brews at the tavern  
When the day's done.

I've sung of a hundred women  
In a hundred lands:  
But all their love is nothing  
But drifting sands.  
I'm sick of their tears and kisses  
And their pale hands.

I've sung of a hundred women  
And their bought lips;  
But out on the clean horizon  
I can hear the whips  
Of the white waves lashing the bulwarks  
Of great, strong ships:

And the trails that run to the westward  
 Are shot with fire,  
 And the winds hurl from the headland  
 With ancient ire;  
 And all my body itches  
 With an old desire.

So I'll deal no more in women  
 And the softness of the night,  
 But I'll follow the red adventure  
 And the wind's flight;  
 And I'll sing of the sea and the battle  
 And of men's might.

TO A LOUSE

Robert Burns

1759-1796



*Burns is said to have written the poem after seeing the crowlin ferlie on the bonnet of one of the belles of Mauchline as she sat in the kirk!*

*It contains the most famous couplet in the English language—O wad some Pow'r. . . .*

Ha! whare ye gaun, ye crowlin ferlie?  
 Your impudence protects you sairly:  
 I canna say but ye strunt rarely,  
 Owre gauze and lace;  
 Tho' faith, I fear ye dine but sparely  
 On sic a place.

Ye ugly, creepin, blastit wonner,  
 Detested, shunn'd by saunt an' sinner,  
 How dare ye set your fit upon her  
 Sae fine a lady!  
 Gae somewhere else, and seek your dinner  
 On some poor body.



Swith! in some beggar's hauffet squattle;  
There ye may creep, and sprawl, and sprattle  
Wi' ither kindred, jumping cattle,  
In shoals and nations;  
Whare horn nor bane ne'er dare unsettle  
Your thick plantations.

Now haud ye there! ye're out o' sight,  
Below the fatt'rils, snug an' tight;  
Na, faith ye yet! ye'll no be right  
Till ye've got on it—  
The vera tapmost, tow'rin height  
O' Miss's bonnet.

My sooth! right bauld ye set your nose out,  
As plump and gray as onie groset:  
O for some rank, mercurial rozet,  
Or fell, red smeddum,  
I'd gie you sic a hearty doze o't,  
Wad dress your droddum!

I wad na been surpris'd to spy  
You on an auld wife's flannen toy;  
Or aiblins some bit duddie boy,  
On's wyliecoat;  
But Miss's fine Lunardi! fie,  
How daur ye do't?

O Jenny, dinna toss your head,  
An' set your beauties a' abroad!  
Ye little ken what cursèd speed  
The blastie's makin!  
Thae winks and finger-ends, I dread,  
Are notice takin!

O wad some Pow'r the giftie gie us  
To see oursels as ithers see us!  
It wad frae monie a blunder free us  
An' foolish notion:  
What airs in dress an' gait wad lea'e us,  
An' ev'n devotion!

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## MIS' SMITH

Albert Bigelow Paine

1861-1937

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*Yet there was nothing for surprise,  
Nor much that need be told:  
Love, with his gift of pain, had given  
More than one heart could hold.*

—Edwin Arlington Robinson—Neighbors



All day she hurried to get through,  
The same as lots of wimmin do;  
Sometimes at night her husban' said,  
"Ma, ain't you goin' to come to bed?"  
And then she'd kinder give a hitch,  
And pause half way between a stitch,  
And sorter sigh, and say that she  
Was ready as she'd ever be,  
She reckoned.

And so the years went one by one,  
An' somehow she was never done;  
An' when the angel said, as how  
"Mis' Smith, it's time you rested now,"  
She sorter raised her eyes to look  
A second, as a stitch she took;  
"All right, I'm comin' now," says she,  
"I'm ready as I'll ever be,  
I reckon."

## VEDAS FOUR

Anonymous

Some men do read the Vedas four  
And many a book of sacred lore,  
And know their spirit, by my troth,  
As ladle knows the taste of broth.



## WARM BABIES

Keith Preston

1884-1927

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*King James' nose is out of joint. Here is the very latest version of famous Daniel Three. According to the King James, Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego got tough with King Nebuchadnezzar and refused to kowtow to the golden image, whereupon Nebby had 'em trun into the furnace heated seven times more than it was wont. But apparently that wasn't enough.*

Shadrach, Meshach, Abednego,  
Walked in de furnace to an' fro,  
Hay foot, straw foot, fro an' to,  
An' de flame an' de smoke flared up de flue.  
Nebuchadnezzar he listen some,  
An' he hear 'em talk an' he say "How come?"  
An' he hear 'em walk an' he say "How so?"  
Dem babes was hawg tied an hour ago!"  
Then Shadrach call, in an uppity way:  
"A little more heat or we ain' gwine stay!"  
An' Meshach bawl, so the furnace shake:  
"Landlawd, heat! fo' de good Lawd's sake!"  
Abednego yell, wid a loud "Kerchoo!"  
Is you out to freeze us, y' great big Jew!"

Nebuchadnezzar, he rare an' ramp,  
An' call to de janitor, "You big black scamp!  
Shake dem clinkers, an' spend dat coal!  
I'll bake dem birds, ef I goes in de hole!"  
He puts on he draf an' shuts de door  
So de furnace glow an' de chimbly roar.  
Ol' Nebuchadnezzar, he smole a smile,  
"Guess dat'll hold 'em," says he, "one while."

Den Shadrach, Meshach, Abednego  
Walk on de hot coals to an' fro,  
An' holler out for a mite more heat.  
Ol' Nebuchadnezzar gives up de fight;  
He opens de door an' bows perlite.

He shades his eyes from de glare infernal  
An' says to Abednego, "Step out, Colonel."  
An' he add, "Massa Shadrach, I hopes you all  
Won' be huffy at me at all."

Den Shadrach, Meshach, Abednego,  
Hay foot, straw foot, three in a row,  
Stepped right smart from de oven door  
Jes' as good as dey wuz before,  
An' far as Nebuchadnezzar could find,  
Jes' as good as dey wuz behind.

## ROSES IN THE SUBWAY

Dana Burnet

1888-

*I think I shall take with me down every path  
I know,  
My mother—as she walks serenely through the  
evening's glow.*

*My Mother—Louisa Boyd Giles*

A wan-cheeked girl with faded eyes  
Came stumbling down the crowded car,  
Clutching her burden to her breast  
As though she held a star.  
Roses, I swear it! Red and sweet  
And struggling from her pinched white hands,  
Roses . . . like captured hostages  
From far and fairy lands!

The thunder of the rushing train  
Was like a hush. . . . The flower-scent  
Breathed faintly on the stale, whirled air  
Like some dim sacrament—

I saw a garden stretching out  
And morning on it like a crown—  
And o'er a bed of crimson bloom  
My mother . . . stooping down.







## A PICTURE OF THE DEEP SOUTH

*Mam' Malindy*

Mabel Rose Levy

---

*The Negro, thanks to his temperament, appears to make the greatest amount of happiness out of the smallest capital.*

—Emerson

She sits and churns—  
Behind the ancient shack  
The stately pine spreads sheltering arms.  
Around her neatly braided plaits  
A faded red bandanna coils.  
Before her door the lordly rooster crows  
Calling defiance to the neighboring fowls.  
The sated hog grunts sleepily—  
While in the collard patch the guineas call “potrack.”  
(The saying is—they call each hour.)  
Beneath the pale and fragrant jessamine  
A restless hound hunts fleas.  
Within the hut on embers red  
The browning catfish scents the air,  
And crisp corn-pones lie warming in the ashes.  
Shifting the snuff-brush in her mouth  
She gazes at the flaming west and chants monotonously:  
“Come, butter, come,  
Come for the mistis,  
Come for the marster,  
Come for the little boy  
Standin’ at the gate  
With a hot ash cake.  
Come, butter, come.”

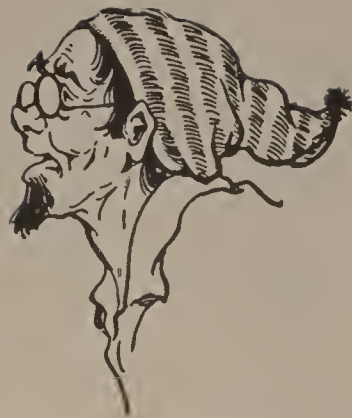
\* \* \*

What cares she for the world’s alarms?  
Famines, floods, or strikes and wars?  
For see! the butter comes!

## EULOGIUM ON RUM

Joseph Smith

C. 1775



---

*Just a wee deoch-an-doris, just a wee yin, that's a',  
Just a wee deoch-an-doris before we gang a-wa'  
There's a wee wifie waitin', in a wee but-an-ben;  
If you can say "It's a braw bricht moon-licht nicht,"  
Y're a' richt, ye ken.*

—Harry Lauder

Hail, Mighty Rum! how wondrous is thy pow'r!  
Unwarmed by thee how would our spirits fail.  
When dark December comes, with aspect sour,  
And sharp as razor blows the northern gale!  
And yet thou'rt grateful in that sultry day  
When raging Sirius darts his fervid ray.

\* \* \* \*

But lo! th' ingratitude of Adam's race—  
Though all these clever things to Rum we owe—  
Gallons of ink are squirted in his face;  
And his bruised back is bang'd with many a blow;  
Some hounds of note have sung his funeral knell,  
And ev'ry puppy joins the gen'ral yell.

\* \* \* \*

But fear not, Rum, tho' fiercely they assail,  
And none but I, the bard, thy cause defend,  
Think not thy foes—tho' num'rous—shall prevail,  
Thy power diminish, or thy being end:  
Tho' spurned from table, and the public eye,  
In the snug closet safely shalt thou lie.

And oft, when Sol's proud chariot quits the sky  
And humbler Cynthia mounts her one-horse chair,  
To that snug closet shall thy vot'ry fly;  
And, wrapt in darkness, keep his orgies there;  
Lift the full bottle joyous to his head,  
Then, great as Caesar, reel sublime to bed.



## THE TURN OF THE ROAD

Alice Rollit Coe

18—

---

*The past with all its fears,  
Its silences and tears,  
Its lonely, yearning years,  
Shall vanish in the moment of that meeting.*  
—Nora Perry

Soft, gray buds on the willow,  
Warm, moist winds from the bay,  
Sea-gulls out on the sandy beach,  
And a road my eager feet would reach,  
That leads to the Far-away.

Dust on the wayside flower,  
The meadow-lark's luring tone  
Is silent now, from the grasses tipped  
With dew at the dawn, the pearls have slipped—  
Far have I fared alone.

And then, by the alder thicket  
The turn of the road—and *you!*  
Though the earth lie white in the noonday heat,  
Or the swift storm follow our hurrying feet,  
What do we care—we two!

## WISDOM

Edward Young

1683-1765

*I love wisdom more than she loves me.*  
—Byron, *Don Juan*

No man e'er found a happy life by chance;  
Or yawned it into being with a wish;  
Or, with the snout of grovelling appetite,  
E'er smelt it out, and grubbed it from the dirt.

An art it is, and must be learned; and learned  
 With unremitting effort, or be lost,  
 And leave us perfect blockheads in our bliss.  
 The clouds may drop down titles and estates;  
 Wealth may seek us; but wisdom must be sought;  
 Sought before all; but (how unlike all else  
 We seek on earth!) 'tis never sought in vain.

## SOME DAY OF DAYS

Nora Perry  
 1832-1896




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*Once more life's perfect youth will all come  
 back. . . .  
 Some day of days.*

Some day, some day of days, threading the street  
 With idle, heedless pace,  
 Unlooking for such grace,  
 I shall behold your face!  
 Some day, some day of days, thus may we meet.

Perchance the sun may shine from skies of May,  
 Or winter's icy chill  
 Touch whitely vale and hill.  
 What matter? I shall thrill  
 Through every vein with summer on that day.

Once more life's perfect youth will all come back,  
 And for a moment there  
 I shall stand fresh and fair,  
 And drop the garment care;  
 Once more my perfect youth will nothing lack.

I shut my eyes now, thinking how 'twill be—  
 How face to face each soul

---



Will slip its long control,  
 Forget the dismal dole  
 Of dreary Fate's dark, separating sea;

And glance to glance, and hand to hand in greeting,  
 The past with all its fears,  
 Its silences and tears,  
 Its lonely, yearning years,  
 Shall vanish in the moment of that meeting.



From

## MORTE D'ARTHUR

Alfred Tennyson

1809-1892

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*The sounds of the forest—the mighty cry of winds that are more ancient than the world, Verdi, The Nineteenth Psalm, silence, all lean toward some unsoiled Infinity. The opening lines of Morte D'Arthur are of the same majestic train.*

So all day long the noise of battle roll'd  
 Among the mountains by the winter sea;  
 Until King Arthur's table, man by man,  
 Had fallen in Lyonesse about their Lord,  
 King Arthur: then, because his wound was deep,  
 The bold Sir Bedivere uplifted him,  
 Sir Bedivere, the last of all his knights,  
 And bore him to a chapel nigh the field,  
 A broken chancel with a broken cross,  
 That stood on a dark strait of barren land.  
 On one side lay the Ocean, and on one  
 Lay a great water, and the moon was full.

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## OLD BILL

Dorothy Marie Davis



*I remember him as if it were yesterday, as he came plodding to the inn door, his sea-chest following behind him in a handbarrow; a tall, strong, heavy, nut-brown man; his tarry pigtail falling over the shoulders of his soiled blue coat; his hands ragged and scarred, with black, broken nails; and the saber cut across one cheek, a dirty, livid white. I remember him looking round the cove and whistling to himself as he did so, and then breaking out in that old sea-song that he sang so often afterwards:*

*Fifteen men on the dead man's chest—  
Yo-ho-ho, and a bottle of rum!*

*—Treasure Island*

Old Bill could turn your heart's eye toward the sea  
By moving. There was something in his walk  
As if the steady floor might tip and balk;  
Its lying still surprised him constantly.  
And there was even something fierce and free  
About his beard and brows as white as chalk  
Not reconciled to young eyes. Like a hawk  
He turned his head and watched one evilly.

A glimpse of him was quite enough to change  
The island meadow to a reef-girt bay,  
And quaking wintry trees to masts and spars.  
He only came to mend the kitchen range,  
But any child would know, with end of day  
He'd hoist a black flag with a skull and bars.



## A LARGE EDITION

Anonymous



"May I print a kiss on your lips?" I asked;  
She nodded her sweet permission;  
So we went to press, and I rather guess  
We printed a large edition.



## TWO MEN I KNOW

Anonymous

*From a London newspaper.*

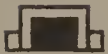
I know a duke; well, let him pass—  
I may not call his grace an ass;  
Though if I did I'd do no wrong,  
Save to the asses and my song.

The duke is neither wise nor good;  
He gambles, drinks, scorns womanhood,  
And at the age of twenty-four  
Is worn and battered as threescore.

I know a waiter in Pall Mall  
Who works, and waits, and reasons well;  
Is gentle, courteous, and refined,  
And has a magnet in his mind.

What is it makes his graceless grace  
So like a jockey out of place?  
What makes the waiter—tell who can—  
So very like a gentleman?

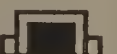
Perhaps their mothers—God is great!—  
Perhaps 't is accident, or fate!  
Perhaps because—hold not my pen—  
We can breed horses but not men.



## THE BLACK VULTURE

George Sterling

1869-1926



*No prose, however great, could give the sense of detached, silent altitude—  
. . . . he hears the broken tempest sigh  
Where cold sierras gleam like scattered foam.*

Aloof upon the day's immeasured dome,  
He holds unshared the silence of the sky.

Far down, his bleak, relentless eyes descry  
The eagle's empire and the falcon's home—  
Far down, the galleons of sunset roam;  
His hazards on the sea of morning lie;  
Serene, he hears the broken tempest sigh  
Where cold sierras gleam like scattered foam.

And least of all he holds the human swarm—  
Unwitting now that envious men prepare  
To make their dream and its fulfillment one,  
When, poised above the caldrons of the storm,  
Their hearts contemptuous of death, shall dare  
His roads between the thunder and the sun.

## THE UNLOVED TO HIS BELOVED

William Alexander Percy

1885.

*When you are dead you should be such a  
one*

*As you are now.*

—Shakspeare, *All's Well*



Could I pluck down Aldebaran  
And haze the Pleiads in your hair  
I could not add more burning to your beauty  
Or lend a starrier coldness to your air.

If I were cleaving terrible waters  
With death ahead on the visible sands  
I could not turn and stretch my hands more wildly,  
More vainly turn and stretch to you my hands.





## L'EAU DORMANTE

Thomas Bailey Aldrich

1837-1907

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*Unlike Bill Nye who said in praise of a little girl that he could have kissed her if she had been ten years older.*

Curled up and sitting on her feet,  
 Within the window's deep embrasure,  
 Is Lydia; and across the street,  
 A lad, with eyes of roguish azure,  
 Watches her buried in her book.  
 In vain he tries to win a look,  
 And from the trellis over there  
 Blows sundry kisses through the air,  
 Which miss the mark, and fall unseen,  
 Uncared for. Lydia is thirteen.

My lad, if you, without abuse,  
 Will take advice from one who's wiser,  
 And put his wisdom to more use  
 Than ever yet did your adviser;  
 If you will let, as none will do,  
 Another's heartbreak serve for two,  
 You'll have a care, some four years hence,  
 How you lounge there by yonder fence  
 And blow those kisses through that screen—  
 For Lydia will be seventeen.



## BLACK MAMMY

Edith Tatum



*"White Ma was a remote sort of person who wore lovely clothes and saw us for brief periods; but Yellow Ma was our adored one, loved better than anything on earth."*

—Mabel Rose Levy

For her the dusk is peopled with small shapes,  
 The air is filled with laughter and with glee

Of boys and girls who frolic on the lawn—  
 Their loveliness her dim eyes plainly see.  
 Upon her vine-clad porch she sits and dreams  
 These children from the misty long ago. . . .  
 Her nurslings, held against her ample breast  
 And crooned to sleep before the hearth's bright glow.  
 Elizabeth and Mary, Fay and Grace,  
 And little Tom, "Miss Letty's" only son.  
 Her wrinkled brown face beams at thought of him—  
 She chuckles: "Makin' laws in Washington!"  
 Alone there on her vine-enshadowed porch,  
 So old and feeble, burdened with the years,  
 Yet never lonely nor unhappy while  
 Those muted voices echo in her ears.

## TOKENS

John Richard Moreland

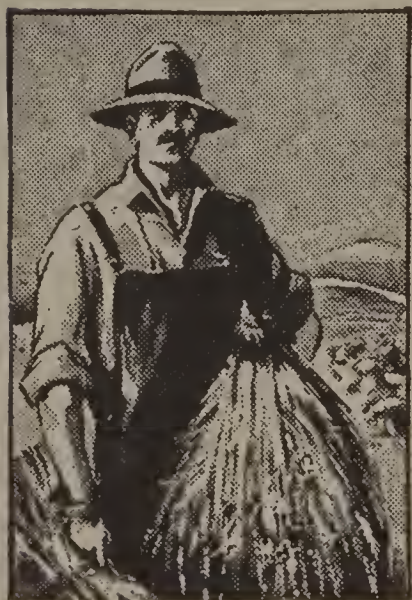


*A token, among the hillfolk, white and black in the mountains of the South and East, is some thing or act that forebodes death in the household—a hand seizing yours as you reach into a "bureau" drawer, a bird flying in the house, the coming first of a woman into the house on New Years. After every death, the survivors gather in awed groups to recall the tokens they have had! Moreland lives in Ole Virginny and knows his tokens.*

Death done warn me right,  
 I'll soon be a-goin'.  
 Candle flame pinched out ter-night  
 An' no win' blowin'.

Pine-knot's fat and nice,  
 But de fire's too dim.  
 My ol' dorg jes' howled twice  
 Cause death passed him.

Clock stopped. Dat's de truf,  
 Token follow token.  
*How dat buzzard on de roof*  
*Know de word's spoken?*



## HE KNEW THE LAND

Molly Anderson Haley

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*And here is a daughter's tribute to her father  
 —a worthy monument to his memory:*

*Across all pastures stirring with the spring  
 Come fragments of the songs he used to sing.*

He knew the land and held its honor high.  
 His code forbade that fields should ever lie  
 Spent and exhausted with the harvest strain;  
 That which he took from earth, he gave again.

He lived to look his acres in the face  
 And through the years he never feared to place  
 His trust in them. There was no cedar-tree  
 In all his wood more proudly straight than he,  
 And when he walked, his was the stride of one  
 Who takes his orders only from the sun  
 Yet lives a tireless servant of his lands.  
 The common tools found rhythm in his hands  
 And for the child, tip-toeing at his side  
 With worship in her eyes, he opened wide  
 Gates to a gold-flecked world of mysteries.  
 His cradle plowed a path through swaying seas,  
 His flail beat lurking giants to the dust,  
 His hoe became a sword whose every thrust  
 Slew villain-weeds, that in their hearts had sworn  
 To capture tasseled ladies of the corn.

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There is no stopping once a year to say  
 A prayer for him, or dutifully lay  
 A wreath as a reminder on his stone.  
 He cannot be forgotten by his own:  
 Across all pastures stirring with the spring  
 Come fragments of the songs he used to sing;  
 All clover meadows drowsing through the noon  
 Recall his heartening scythe-and-whetstone tune;  
 Through every field where corn-shocks march in rows,  
 Companioned by the autumn wind, he goes,  
 And ax blows ringing through a winter wood  
 Proclaim him at a task he counted good,  
 He knew the land—it took him to its heart,  
 The turning year and he can never part.

## THE ABBOT OF DERRY

Lines, as from a Lyttel Booke of Balettys and  
 Dyties, enscribed to Richard Nix, Bishoppe,  
 by his Admyring, Faithful Friend, John  
 Skelton, Rector of Diss.

John Bennett

1865-



*The Abbot of Derry is an excellent example of skeltonic verse. John Skelton (1460-1529), tutor to the young Henry VIII, himself a clergyman of Diss, was wont to attack the foibles of the clergy, not excepting Cardinal Wolsey. His lines were vernacular, short, humorous, and of biting import; hence our adjective skeltonic. Bennett, famous editor, artist, historian of Charleston, S. C., fending an attack in the newspapers, countered with a bit of skeltonism of his own.*

The Abbot of Derry  
 Hates Satan and Sin;  
 'Tis strange of him, very;  
 They're both his blood-kin;  
 And the Devil go bury the Abbot of Derry,  
 And bury him deep, say I.



The Abbot of Derry  
 Has woman nor wine,  
 'Tis kind of him, very,  
 To leave them all mine:  
 And the Devil go bury the Abbot of Derry,  
 And bury him deep, say I.

Says the Abbot of Derry:  
 "Tomorrow ye die!"  
 "Eat, drink, and be merry!"  
 Say Dolly and I:  
 And the Devil go bury the Abbot of Derry,  
 And bury him deep, say I.

The Abbot of Derry  
 Says, "All flesh is grass."  
 Sure the Abbot should know,  
 For the Abbot's an ass!  
 And the Devil go bury the Abbot of Derry,  
 And bury him deep, say I.

The Abbot of Derry  
 Says, "Love is a knave!"  
 I shall love when the Abbot  
 Lies deep in his grave;—  
 And the Devil go bury the Abbot of Derry,  
 And bury him deep, say I.



## WOMAN OF LONG AGO



Anonymous

*Written by a young inmate of a Woman's Reform School in Massachusetts on hearing the slippared feet of a veteran returning at night from the hospital.*

Oh ghostly woman of long ago,  
 What are the things you would have me know?  
 Did you walk these halls with bated breath,  
 When you first came in and were scared to death?

Did you double your blanket in another fold,  
 Pull it closer around you to keep out the cold?  
 Did you hope and wish and sometimes pray  
 For loved ones and freedom so far away?

## MUSIC I HEARD

Conrad Aiken



*Beautiful Evelyn Hope is dead.*

*Sit and watch by her side an hour.*

*That is her book-shelf, this her bed;*

*She plucked that piece of geranium-flower.*

*—Browning—Evelyn Hope*

Music I heard with you was more than music,  
And bread I broke with you was more than bread.  
Now that I am without you, all is desolate,  
All that was once so beautiful is dead.

Your hands once touched this table and this silver,  
And I have seen your fingers hold this glass.  
These things do not remember you, beloved:  
And yet your touch upon them will not pass.

For it was in my heart you moved among them,  
And blessed them with your hands and with your eyes.  
And in my heart they will remember always:  
They knew you once, O beautiful and wise!

## GONE

Mary E. Coleridge  
1861-1907

About the little chambers of my heart  
Friends have been coming—going—many a year.  
The doors stand open there.  
Some, lightly stepping, enter; some depart.

Freely they come and freely go, at will.  
The walls give back their laughter; all day long  
They fill the house with song.  
One door alone is shut, one chamber still.



## BLOW ME EYES

Wallace Irwin

1875-

*She would!*

When I was young and full o' pride,  
A-standin' on the grass  
And gazin' o'er the water-side,  
I seen a fisher lass.  
"O, fisher lass, be kind awhile,"  
I asks 'er quite unbid.  
"Please look into me face and smile"—  
And, blow me eyes, she did!

O, blow me light and blow me blow,  
I didn't think she'd charm me so—  
But, blow me eyes, she did!

She seemed so young and beautiful  
I *had* to speak perlite,  
(The afternoon was long and dull,  
But she was short and bright.)  
"This ain't no place," I says, "to stand—  
Let's take a walk instid,  
Each holdin' of the other's hand"—  
And, blow me eyes, she did!

O, blow me light, and blow me blow,  
I sort o' thunk she wouldn't go—  
But, blow me eyes, she did!

And as we walked along a lane  
With no one else to see,  
Me heart was filled with sudden pain,  
And so I says to she:

“If you would have me actions speak  
The words what can’t be hid,  
You’d sort o’ let me kiss yer cheek”—  
And, blow me eyes, she did!

O, blow me light, and blow me blow,  
How sweet she was I didn’t know—  
But, blow me eyes, *she* did!

But pretty soon me shipmate Jim  
Came strollin’ down the beach,  
And she began a-oglin’ him  
As pretty as a peach.  
“O, fickle maid o’ false intent,”  
Impulsively I chid,  
“Why don’t you go and wed that gent?”  
And, blow me eyes, she did!

O, blow me light and blow me blow,  
I didn’t think she’d treat me so—  
But, blow me eyes, she did!

## WINTER’S TALE

Macklin Thomas

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*Macklin Thomas’s lovely sonnet recalled to me my own childish tears when I reached the very last page of David Copperfield. No more! Here they said farewell. Goodby, Agnes, David. It was like a funeral.—W. R. B.*



The firelight flagged and ruddied on us all,  
My father read; his dark beard in the glow  
Moved slowly as the strong lines sounded slow,  
Until the end. And at the last leaf’s fall,  
With nothing moving but the shadowed wall,  
We were so still we heard the pines speak low  
Outside the frost-starred pane. And it was so:  
The tale was done, and all was past recall.

---



Then down the road of coals the colored train  
 Of those brave people sank, and there was none  
 To look back once, and there was none to tell  
 How they lived after. The forgotten pain  
 Comes now again, that our few words were done;  
 Here is the ending; here they said farewell.



## W'EN DE COL' WIN' BLOWS

Opie Read

1852-

*Opie Read, famous author—"The Jucklins," and "The Waters of Caney Fork,"—saw an old Negro one raw fall day, standing on the street corner, looking alternately at his torn shoes and the spitting snow. This is what Opie thinks he was saying to himself:*

It woan be laung fo' de col' win' blows,  
 Wid its bref so cuttin' an' keen,  
 Er whirlin' an er rattlin' de ole dry leaves  
 Dat was once so putty an' green.

O de ole hen's chickens is all dun hatched,  
 An' some of 'em has larned how ter crow.  
 Dat sassy young dominecker will come down er peg  
 W'en he freezes bof feet in de snow.

De haugs squeel loud w'en de frost 'gins ter fall  
 An' crowds one nuder in de pen.  
 One doan kere ef de uder gwine ter freeze:  
 Haugs da's mighty like men.

De leaves comes ercross de ole grave yard  
 W'en de col' win' rares an' raves:  
 Da whirls an' rattles on de frozen groun'  
 Den settles in de sunken graves.

Da puts me in mine o' de chillun o' de yearth,  
De mounful 'dition o' us all:  
We's fresh an' green in de spring o' de yeah,  
An' we settles in de grave in de fall.

## HASTINGS MILL

Cecily Fox-Smith



---

*And my heart has gone aboard her  
For the Islands of Desire.*

As I went down by Hastings Mill I lingered in my going  
To smell the smell of piled-up deals and feel the salt wind blowing,  
To hear the cables fret and creak and the ropes stir and sigh  
(Shipmate, my shipmate!) as in days gone by.

As I went down by Hastings Mill I saw a ship there lying,  
About her tawny yards the little clouds of sunset flying,  
And half I took her for the ghost of one I used to know  
(Shipmate, my shipmate!) many years ago.

As I went down by Hastings Mill I saw while I stood dreaming  
The flicker of her riding light along the ripples streaming,  
The bollards where we made her fast and the berth where she did lie  
(Shipmate, my shipmate!) in the days gone by.

As I went down by Hastings Mill I heard a fellow singing,  
Chipping off the deep-sea rust above the tide a-swinging;  
And well I knew the queer old tune and well the song he sung  
(Shipmate, my shipmate!) when the world was young.

And past the rowdy Union Wharf, and by the still tide sleeping,  
To a randy-dandy deep-sea tune my heart in time was keeping,  
To the thin far sound of a shadowy watch a-hauling,  
And the voice of one I knew across the high tide calling  
(Shipmate, my shipmate!) and the late dusk falling.

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## THE WEATHER GLASS

E. J. Pratt

*Alack, the night comes on, and the high winds  
Do sorely ruffle.*

—*King Lear*

There is no refuge from this wind tonight,  
Though sound the roof and double-latched the door,  
And though I've trimmed the wick, there is no light,  
Nor is there warmth although the tamaracks roar;  
Nor will the battery of those surges keep  
The hammering pulses silent in my sleep.

But one alone might quell this storm tonight,  
And were he now this moment at the door,  
His eyes would clear the shadows from this light,  
His voice put laughter in the billows' roar,  
And he would clasp me in his arms and keep  
The wheeling gulls from screaming through my sleep.



## THE WHITING AND THE SNAIL

Lewis Carroll

1832-1898



*Told to the Alice of Alice in Wonderland as they floated upon Thames.*

"Will you walk a little faster?" said a whiting to a snail.  
"There's a porpoise close behind us, and he's treading on my tail.  
See how eagerly the lobsters and the turtles all advance!  
They are waiting on the shingle—will you come and join the dance?  
Will you, won't you, will you, won't you, will you join the dance?  
Will you, won't you, will you, won't you, won't you join the dance?"

"You really have no notion how delightful it will be  
When they take us up and throw us, with the lobsters, out to sea!"



But the snail replied, "Too far, too far!"—and gave a look askance—

Said he thanked the whiting kindly, but he would not join the dance,

Would not, could not, would not, could not, would not join the dance.

Would not, could not, would not, could not, would not join the dance.

"What matters it how far we go?" his scaly friend replied.

"There is another shore, you know, upon the other side.

The further off from England the nearer is to France—

Then turn not pale, belovéd snail, but come and join the dance.

Will you, won't you, will you, won't you, will you join the dance?

Will you, won't you, will you, won't you, won't you join the dance?"

## THE GARDENER'S CAT

Patrick Chalmers



*But thousands die without or this or that,  
Die, and endow a college or a cat.*

—Pope

The gardener's cat's called Mignonette,  
She hates the cold, she hates the wet,  
She sits among the hothouse flowers  
And sleeps for hours and hours and hours.

She dreams she is a tiger fierce  
With great majestic claws that pierce;  
She sits by the hot-water pipes  
And dreams about a coat of stripes;

And in her slumbers she will go  
And stalk the sullen buffalo,



And when he roars across the brake  
She does not wink, she does not wake.

It must be perfectly immense  
To dream with such magnificence  
And pass the most inclement day  
In this indeed stupendous way.

She dreams of India's sunny clime,  
And only wakes at dinner-time,  
But even then she does not stir  
But waits till milk is brought to her.

How nice to be the gardener's cat,  
She troubles not for mouse or rat,  
But when it's coming down in streams,  
She sits among the flowers and dreams.

The gardener's cat would be the thing,  
Her dreams are so encouraging;  
She dreams that she's a tiger, yet  
She's just a cat called Mignonette!

\* \* \* \*

The moral's this, my little man—  
Sleep 'neath life's hailstones when you can,  
And if you're humble in estate,  
Dream splendidly, at any rate.



## HOW VERY MODERN



Thomas Moore

1779-1852

“Come, come,” said Tom’s father, “at your time of life,  
There’s no longer excuse for thus playing the rake—  
It is time you should think, boy, of taking a wife.”  
“Why, so it is, father—whose wife shall I take?”

---

## TO THE NIGHT

Percy Bysshe Shelley

1792-1822



*Ah, did you once see Shelley plain,  
And did he stop and speak to you?*

*—Browning, Memorabilia*

Swiftly walk over the western wave,  
    Spirit of Night!  
Out of the misty eastern cave  
Where, all the long and lone daylight,  
Thou wovest dreams of joy and fear  
Which make thee terrible and dear, —  
    Swift be thy flight!

Wrap thy form in a mantle gray  
    Star-inwrought;  
Blind with thine hair the eyes of Day,  
Kiss her until she be wearied out:  
Then wander o'er city and sea and land,  
Touching all with thine opiate wand—  
    Come, long-sought!

When I arose and saw the dawn,  
    I sigh'd for thee;  
When light rode high, and the dew was gone,  
And noon lay heavy on flower and tree,  
And the weary Day turn'd to his rest  
Lingering like an unloved guest,  
    I sigh'd for thee.

Thy brother Death came, and cried  
    Wouldst thou me?

Thy sweet child Sleep, the filmy-eyed,  
 Murmur'd like a noon-tide bee  
 Shall I nestle near thy side?  
 Wouldst thou me?—And I replied  
                   No, not thee!

Death will come when thou art dead,  
                   Soon, too soon—  
 Sleep will come when thou art fled;  
 Of neither would I ask the boon  
 I ask of thee, belovéd Night—  
 Swift be thine approaching flight,  
                   Come soon, soon!



## THE BELOVED VAGABOND

W. G. Tinckom-Fernandez

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*Beyond the East the sunrise  
 Beyond the West the sea.*

You who were once so careless, I can recall you now,  
 Your blue-grey visionary eyes, your great and open brow,  
 With naught to bind your heart-strings, and all the world in fee,  
 You went where all the roads lead, beyond the farthest sea.

Lover of space and skyline, what vision seared your eyes?  
 What gypsy word was winged to you, and bade you gird and rise?  
 What thread of smoke sent onward your restless, eager feet?  
 What vagrant heart was waiting your wayward heart to greet?

We, who are kin to the city, across the candles praise  
 Your tales of camps in twilight, your great and gallant ways,  
 Your knowledge of the mysteries deep-hidden by the wood,  
 The pagan trust you placed in man, the world you found so good.

---

Then leave a patrin for mine eyes, that I may follow too,  
Some day when all the world grows dim, and I shall beckon you;  
Across the distant moorland, from beacon furze piled high,  
May I, the newest rover, see your fire against the sky!

“FOREVER AND A DAY”

Thomas Bailey Aldrich

1837-1907

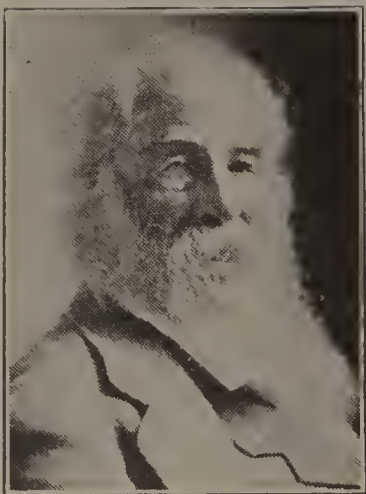


*When she comes home again!*  
—Riley

I little know or care  
If the blackbird on the bough  
Is filling all the air  
With his soft crescendo now;  
For she is gone away,  
And when she went she took  
The springtime in her look,  
The peachblow on her cheek,  
The laughter from the brook,  
The blue from out the May—  
And what she calls a week  
Is forever and a day!

It's little that I mind  
How the blossoms, pink or white,  
At every touch of wind  
Fall a-trembling with delight;  
For in the leafy lane,  
Beneath the garden-boughs,  
And through the silent house  
One thing alone I seek.  
Until she come again  
The May is not the May,  
And what she calls a week  
Is forever and a day!





## WHEN I HEARD THE LEARN'D ASTRONOMER

Walt Whitman

1819-1892

*If more of us were honest enough to regard the ancient virtues—if teachers would cease to overvalue “professional” training, and ministers to deal in everything except devotion, and poets and their train to pursue the fantastic and blasé—all in the service of the soul and the stars, how much more of song and how much less of sound.*

When I heard the learn'd astronomer,  
When the proofs, the figures, were ranged in columns before me,  
When I was shown the charts and diagrams, to add, divide, and  
measure them,  
When I sitting heard the astronomer where he lectured with much  
applause in the lecture-room,  
How soon unaccountable I became tired and sick,  
Till rising and gliding out I wander'd off by myself,  
In the mystical moist night-air, and from time to time,  
Look'd up in perfect silence at the stars.

## SONG OF A FACTORY GIRL

Marya Zaturenska

*What mean ye that ye beat my people to pieces  
And grind the faces of the poor?  
Saith the Lord God of hosts.*

—Isaiah 3, 15

It's hard to breathe in a tenement hall,  
So I ran to the little park,  
As a lover runs from a crowded ball  
To the moonlit dark.

I drank in clear air as one will  
Who is doomed to die,  
Wistfully watching from a hill  
The unmarred sky.

And the great trees bowed in their gold and red  
Till my heart caught flame;  
And my soul, that I thought was crushed and dead,  
Uttered a name.

I hadn't called the name of God  
For a long time;  
But it stirred in me as the seed in sod  
Or a broken rhyme.

## OLD PINE TREES

Leigh Hanes

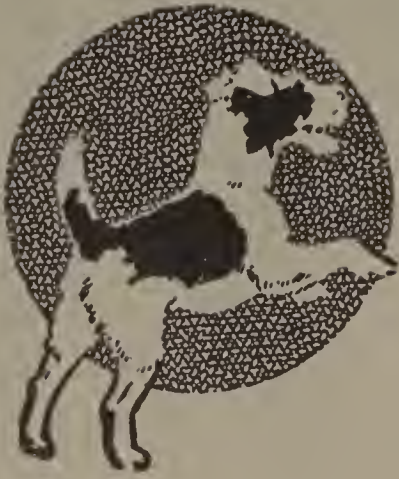
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*"I hear it tell how the eons pass." A tale only the pine can tell, for its race goes back long before man—perhaps to the Miocene period, twenty or forty million years ago.*



Whenever I come to an old pine tree,  
Something leans over and talks to me;  
I feel its breath and I hear it sigh,  
As a pine tree will when the wind goes by.  
I hear it tell how the eons pass  
Like ripples that wave in a field of grass;  
How the storms that wrestled and swayed and beat  
Have fallen asleep at the pine tree's feet.  
And there's always a calm when the whispers cease,  
Always a mantle of cool green peace,  
Always the doubt that a thing can die  
That has gripped the earth, that has scanned the sky.

---



## LOST DOG

Frances Rodman

---

*The one absolutely unselfish friend that man can have in this selfish world, the one that never proves ungrateful or treacherous, is his dog.*

—Senator George G. Vest

He lifts his hopeful eyes at each new tread,  
Dark wells of brown with half his heart in each;  
He will not bark, because he is well-bred.  
Only one voice can heal the sorry breach.  
He scans the faces that he does not know,  
One paw uplifted, ear cocked for a sound  
Outside his sight. Only he must not go  
Away from here; by honor he is bound.  
Now he has heard a whistle down the street;  
He trembles in a sort of ecstasy,  
Dances upon his eager, padding feet,  
Straining himself to hear, to feel, to see,  
And rushes at a call to meet the one  
Who of his tiny universe is sun.



## “SON OF A JACKASS”



Anonymous

Over the hill trailed a man behind a mule,  
Drawing a plow.

Said the man to the mule:  
“Bill,  
You are just a mule,  
The son of a jackass.  
And I am a man,  
Made in the image of God.







## I HEARD A SOLDIER

Herbert Trench

1865-1923

*And so, I think, God hides some souls away,  
Sweetly to surprise us, the last day.*

*—Mary Bolles Branch*

I heard a soldier sing some trifle  
Out in the sun-dried veldt alone:  
He lay and cleaned his grimy rifle  
Idly, behind a stone.

“If after death, love, comes a waking,  
And in their camp so dark and still  
The men of dust hear bugles, breaking  
Their halt upon the hill,

“To me the slow and silver pealing  
That then the last high trumpet pours  
Shall softer than the dawn come stealing,  
For with its call comes yours!”

What grief of love had he to stifle,  
Basking so idly by his stone,  
That grimy soldier with his rifle  
Out in the veldt, alone?



## LYING

Thomas Moore



I do confess, in many a sigh,  
My lips have breathed you many a lie,  
And who, with such delights in view,  
Would lose them for a lie or two.



## LITTLE WOODLAND GOD

Judy Van der Veer

*Beasts, urged by us, their fellow beasts pursue,  
And learn of man each other to undo.*

*—Pope, Windsor Forest*

I think that surely there's a god  
For little hunted things;  
A god whose eyes watch tenderly  
The droop of dying wings.

A little woodland god who sits  
Beneath a forest tree,  
With baby rabbits in his arms,  
And squirrels on his knee.

And when a hunter bravely shoots  
A deer with dreaming eyes,  
I think that little god is there  
To love it when it dies.

But all the hungry orphan things  
Who weakly call and call  
For mothers who can never come—  
He loves the best of all.

He tells the breeze to softly blow,  
He tells the leaves to fall;  
He covers little frightened things  
When they have ceased to call.

I think his pensive Pan-like face  
Is often wet with tears,  
And that his little back is bent  
From all the weary years.



## FOR ANTOINETTE

Evelyn Ahrend

*Written by a New York high school student sitting behind Antoinette in study hall.*

A smear of ink on a round, pink thumb;  
Antoinette is doing a sum.

Thin little arm moving busily;  
"Put down seven and carry three."

Far-away look in the gray-blue eyes—  
"Where does the Tiber river rise?"

Brown legs curled round the rung of the chair;  
And lamplight on her bobbed brown hair. . .

Oh, little brown head, and eyes, gray-blue,  
What will your wisdom lead you to?

## DRESS MODEL

Douglas B. Krantzor

She wears the best that may be had—  
Her taste in clothes is never wrong;  
And though her mind is poorly clad—  
She'll get along!

---



Gerald Gould

1885-

*And keep all sorrow from you, and the dark heart's load . . .  
And you'll hear the pipes a-singing as I pass along the road.*

—Donn Byrne

Beyond the East the sunrise, beyond the West the sea,  
And East and West the wander-thirst that will not let me be;  
It works in me like madness, dear, to bid me say good-bye  
For the seas call, and the stars call, and oh, the call of the sky.

I know not where the white road runs, nor what the blue hills are,  
But a man can have the Sun for friend, and for his guide a star;  
And there's no end of voyaging when once the voice is heard,  
For the river calls and the road calls, and oh, the call of a bird!

Yonder the long horizon lies, and there by night and day  
The old ships draw to home again, the young ships sail away;  
And come I may, but go I must, and, if men ask you why,  
You may put the blame on the stars and the sun and the white road  
and the sky.



## ON HAPPY DAYS



Anonymous

When I think on the happy days  
I spent wi' you, my dearie;  
And now what lands between us lie,  
How can I be but eerie.

How slow ye move, ye heavy hours,  
As ye were wae and weary!  
It was na sae ye glinted by  
When I was wi' my dearie.





## IN A ROSE GARDEN

John Bennett

1865-

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*And dreaming through the twilight that  
doth not rise or set, haply I may remember,  
and haply may forget.*

A hundred years from now, dear heart,  
We shall not care at all.  
It will not matter then a whit,  
The honey or the gall.  
The summer days that we have known  
Will all forgotten be and flown;  
The garden will be overgrown  
Where now the roses fall.

A hundred years from now, dear heart,  
We shall not mind the pain;  
The throbbing crimson tide of life  
Will not have left a stain.  
The song we sing together, dear,  
The dream we dream together here,  
Will mean no more than means a tear  
Amid a summer rain.

A hundred years from now, dear heart,  
The grief will all be o'er;  
The sea of care will surge in vain  
Upon a careless shore.  
These glasses we turn down today  
Here at the parting of the way—  
We shall be wineless then as they,  
And shall not mind it more.

A hundred years from now, dear heart,  
 We'll neither know nor care  
 What came of all life's bitterness,  
 Or followed love's despair.  
 Then fill the glasses up again,  
 And kiss me through the rose-leaf rain;  
 We'll build one castle more in Spain,  
 And dream one more dream there.

## IF I SHOULD DIE

Ben King  
 1857-1894



*The shadow has outworn the substance, the parody replaced the poem.  
 Popular in the '90's was Arabella Eugenia Smith's:*

*If I should die tonight  
 My friends would look upon my quiet face  
 Before they laid it in its resting place  
 And deem that death had left it almost fair.*

*And Ben King rewrote it thus:*

If I should die to-night  
 And you should come to my cold corpse and say,  
 Weeping and heartsick o'er my lifeless clay—  
 If I should die to-night,  
 And you should come in deepest grief and woe—  
 And say: "Here's that ten dollars that I owe,"  
 I might arise in my large white cravat  
 And say, "What's that?"

If I should die to-night  
 And you should come to my cold corpse and kneel,  
 Clasp my bier to show the grief you feel,  
 I say, if I should die to-night  
 And you should come to me, and there and then  
 Just even hint 'bout payin' me that ten,  
 I might arise the while,  
 But I'd drop dead again.



## DE PROMISE LAN'

John Richard Moreland

---

*The deep religious and mystical spirit of the American Negro, his genius for repetitious chant, combined with his perfect sense of rhythm have produced folk song and poem surpassed by no other in the world. Moreland, who lives in the South, has combined the three.*

How you gwine ter git ter de Promise Lan' . . .  
How you gwine ter git ter de Promise Lan' . . .  
How you gwine ter git ter de Promise Lan',  
O my soul?

Enoch was a man what walked wid de Lawd,  
Enoch was a man what talked wid de Lawd,  
An' he neber had ter die, 'cause han' in han'  
De Lawd walked Enoch ter de Promise Lan'.  
O my soul,  
How you gwine ter git ter de Promise Lan'?

Moses was de man wid de shinin' face,  
An' ol' Mount Ne-Bo was his burial place,  
But de Lawd digges his grabe wid His holy han'  
An' took Moses' spirit ter de Promise Lan'.  
O my soul,  
How you gwine ter git ter de Promise Lan'?

'Lijah was de Prophet dat we alls admire,  
An' 'Lijah rid ter Heaven in a char'ot ob fire;  
Right ober Jordan an' its silbery stran',  
'Lijah rid de lightnin' ter de Promise Lan'.  
O my soul,  
How you gwine ter git ter de Promise Lan'?



You ain't no Enoch fer to scape f'om ol' man death,  
 You ain't no 'Lijah fer ter ride de Lightnin' breath,  
 You ain't no Moses wid de conjure han',  
 So how you gwine ter git ter de Promise Lan'?  
 O my soul,  
 How you gwine ter git ter de Promise Lan'?

## THE BLIND GIRL

Nathalia Crane

1913-



*Is Nathalia Crane a poet or another child prodigy? Only time will tell. At eight she was contributing to the New York Sun, the editors unaware that they were dealing with a child. Five years later she won a national prize in commemorating the flight of Lindbergh. Her volume, The Janitor's Boy has been read widely.*

*The music and the mystery and the consonance in this little poem are beautiful.*

In the darkness, who would answer for the color of a rose,  
 Or the vestments of the May moth and the pilgrimage it goes?

In the darkness who would answer, in the darkness who would care,  
 If the odor of the roses and the wingéd things were there?

In the darkness who would cavil o'er the question of a line,  
 Since the darkness holds all loveliness beyond the mere design?

Oh, night, thy soothing prophecies companion all our ways,  
 Until releasing hands let fall the catalogue of days.

In the darkness, who would answer for the color of a rose,  
 Or the vestments of the May moth and the pilgrimage it goes?

In the darkness who would answer, in the darkness who would care,  
 If the odor of the roses and the wingéd things were there?





## NO FAULT IN WOMEN

Robert Herrick

1591-1674

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*Robert Herrick was one in the London literary circle that surrounded Ben Jonson, and has been called the "literary son of Jonson."*

---

No fault in women to refuse  
The offer which they most would choose:  
No fault in women to confess  
How tedious they are in their dress:  
No fault in women to lay on  
The tincture of vermilion,  
And there to give the cheek a dye  
Of white, where nature doth deny:  
No fault in women to make show  
Of largeness when they've nothing so;  
When, true it is, the outer swells  
With inward buckram, little else:  
No fault in women, though they be  
But seldom from suspicion free:  
No fault in womankind at all,  
If they but slip, and never fall.



## A DOLLAR DOWN



Anonymous

I bought a dress  
On the instalment plan;  
The reason, of course,  
To please a man.  
The dress is worn,  
The man is gone;  
But the blamed instalments  
Go on and on.

## TO EACH HIS OWN

Margaret Root Garvin

18-

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*Give sorrow words:  
The grief that does not speak,  
Whispers the o'erfraught heart  
And bids it break.*  
—Macbeth, IV, 3, 209



Each hath his drug for Sorrow  
(Or else the pain would slay!)  
For one it is "Tomorrow";  
For one 'tis "Yesterday."

"And hast thou lost, my brother?"  
"Yea, but in dreams I find."  
"And I (so saith another)  
"Leave buried dead behind."

For each, when gyves are fretting,  
A different balm must be.  
Some find it in forgetting,  
And some in memory.



## KITTY OF COLERAINE

Charles Dawson Shanly

1811-1875



*This poem has often been printed as anonymous, though now Shanley is given the credit. Certainly only an Irishman could rime the fifth and eleventh words in the third line of stanza three.*

As beautiful Kitty one morning was tripping  
With a pitcher of milk, from the fair of Coleraine,  
When she saw me she stumbled, the pitcher down tumbled,  
And all the sweet buttermilk watered the plain!

"Oh, what shall I do now?—'t was looking at you, now!  
Sure, sure, such a pitcher I'll ne'er meet again!  
'T was the pride of my dairy! Oh! Barney M'Clary!  
You're sent as a plague to the girls of Coleraine."

I sat down beside her and gently did chide her,  
 That such a misfortune should give her such pain.  
 A kiss then I gave her; and ere I did leave her,  
 She vowed for such pleasure she'd break it again.

'T was hay-making season—I can't tell the reason—  
 Misfortunes will never come single, 'tis plain;  
 For very soon after poor Kitty's disaster  
 The devil a pitcher was whole in Coleraine.



### “SHE WAS A BEAUTY”

(Rondel)

Henry Cuyler Bunner

1855-1896

*The rondel, of French origin, employs exactly fourteen lines on two rimes—here Days and Dent. Rondels are good only when they are clever, for their inflexibility precludes deep poetic expression.*

*Bunner was for twenty years editor of Puck.*

She was a beauty in the days  
 When Madison was President,  
 And quite coquettish in her ways,—  
 On conquests of the heart intent.

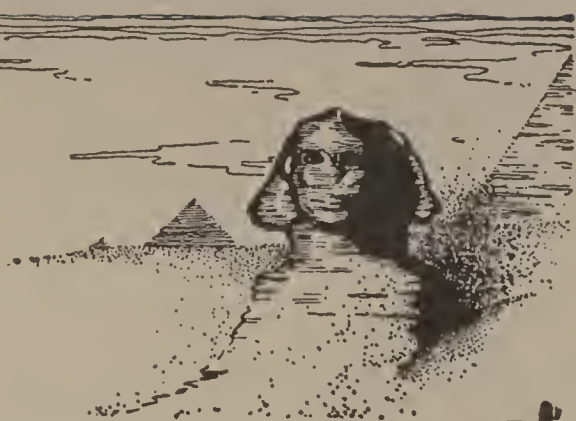
Grandpapa, on his right knee bent,  
 Wooed her in stiff, old-fashioned phrase,—  
 She was a beauty in the days  
 When Madison was President.

And when your roses where hers went  
 Shall go, my Rose, who date from Hayes,  
 I hope you'll wear her sweet content  
 Of whom tradition lightly says:  
 She was a beauty in the days  
 When Madison was President.

## BOOKRA

Charles Dudley Warner

1829-1900



*As I lay asleep in Italy.—Shelley*

One night I lay asleep in Africa,  
In a closed garden by the city gate;  
A desert horseman, furious and late,  
Came wildly thundering at the massive bar.

“Open in Allah’s name! Wake, Mustapha!  
Slain is the Sultan,—treason, war, and hate  
Rage from Fez to Tetuan! Open straight.”  
The watchman heard as thunder from afar:  
“Go to! In peace this city lies asleep;  
To all-knowing Allah ’tis no news you bring;”  
Then turned in slumber still his watch to keep.  
At once a nightingale began to sing,  
In oriental calm the garden lay,—  
Panic and war postponed another day.

## ON KNOWING WHEN TO STOP

L. J. Bridgman

*Groundhogs “da’s mighty like men.”*

The woodchuck told it all about.

“I’m going to build a dwelling  
Six stories high, up in the sky!”  
He never tired of telling.

He dug the cellar smooth and well  
But made no more advances;  
That lovely hole so pleased his soul  
And satisfied his fancies.





## OLD THINGS

Tessa Sweazy Webb

*Old loves, old aspirations, and old dreams,  
More beautiful for being old and gone.*

—Lowell, *The Parting of the Ways*

There is a charm and beauty in old things  
That time has mellowed. Land and cities quaint  
And curious; temples that knew restraint  
Of age and custom; even the robes of kings  
Take on a glory as each swift year brings  
Them faded luster. Sculpture and painting boast  
An ancient name, and old songs move us most,  
Because of the dead bards who gave them wings.

In all about us is this truth revealed:  
Old stars that wander in an ancient sky;  
The aged sea whose breaking waves are whirled  
Against old shores; the fire of April sealed  
In hoary caverns, and that mighty cry  
Of winds that are more ancient than the world.

## TO THE TERRESTRIAL GLOBE (By a miserable wretch)

William S. Gilbert

1836-1911

*William S. Gilbert and Sir Arthur Sullivan wrote the inimitable light operas associated with their names, including *Pirates of Penzance*, and *The Mikado*. Master of the rare art of nonsense, Gilbert produced some excellent light verse. He was drowned at Harrow Weald, Middlesex, England, in 1911.*

Roll on, thou ball, roll on!  
Through pathless realms of space  
Roll on!  
What though I'm in a sorry case?  
What though I cannot meet my bills?

What though I suffer toothache's ills?  
 What though I swallow countless pills?  
 Never *you* mind!  
 Roll on!

Roll on, thou ball, roll on!  
 Through seas of inky air  
 Roll on!

It's true I've got no shirts to wear;  
 It's true my butcher's bill is due;  
 It's true my prospects all look blue—  
 But don't let that unsettle you!  
 Never *you* mind!  
 Roll on! (*It rolls on.*)

## ANOTHER WAY

Ambrose Bierce

1842-1914(?)




---

*Ambrose Bierce was born of humble and eccentric parents in a cabin on Horse Cave Creek, Meigs County, Ohio. He lived the tradition. Brilliant, caustic, fearless, he reminds us of Poe. And like Poe, he came to some uncertain end. Weary of the ills of society against which he had for fifty years broken the barbs of his scathing satire, he disappeared in warring Mexico in 1914. "Good bye," he wrote, "If you hear of my being stood up against a Mexican stone wall and shot to rags, please know that I think it a pretty good way to depart this life." It may have been even so.*

I lay in silence, dead. A woman came  
 And laid a rose upon my breast, and said,  
 "May God be merciful." She spoke my name,  
 And added, "It is strange to think him dead."

---

"He loved me well enough, but 'twas his way  
To speak it lightly." Then, beneath her breath:  
"Besides"—I knew what further she would say,  
But then a footfall broke my dream of death.

Today the words are mine. I lay the rose  
Upon her breast, and speak her name, and deem  
It strange indeed that she is dead. God knows  
I had more pleasure in the other dream.



## CAVE SEDEM

Theodore F. MacManus

1872-

*Well—*

*"The lazy man gets round the sun  
As quickly as the busy one."*

Beware the deadly Sitting habit,  
Or, if you sit, be like the rabbit,  
Who keepeth ever on the jump  
By springs concealed beneath his rump.

A little ginger 'neath the tail  
Will oft for lack of brains avail;  
Eschew the dull and slothful Seat,  
And move about with willing feet!

Man was not made to sit a-trance,  
And press, and press, and press his pants;  
But rather, with an open mind,  
To circulate among his kind.

And so, my son, avoid the snare  
Which lurks within a cushioned chair;  
To run like hell, it has been found,  
Both feet must be upon the ground.

## THE TURNING OF THE BABIES IN THE BED

Paul Laurence Dunbar

1872-1906



*Paul Laurence Dunbar, foremost Negro poet, was born in Dayton, Ohio, and was graduated from the Dayton high school, where he was class poet. Then followed years of labor as elevator boy, waiter, and finally as a clerk in the Congressional Library. Thru it all, he continued to write poetry, selling some of it to the patrons of his elevator. Theodore Roosevelt and William Dean Howells were powerful and helpful allies of the Negro lad who today has much excellent poetry to his memory, for when not yet thirty-five he died of tuberculosis.*

Woman's sho' a cur'ous critter, an' dey ain't no doubtin' dat.  
She's a mess o' funny capahs f'om huh slippahs to huh hat.  
Ef yo' tries to un'erstan' huh, an' yo' fails, des' up an' say:  
"D' ain't a bit o' use to try to un'erstan' a woman's way."

I don' mean to be complainin', but I's jes' a-settin' down  
Some o' my own obserwations, w'en I cas' my eye eroun'.  
Ef yo' ax me fu' to prove it, I ken do it mighty fine,  
Fu' dey ain't no bettah 'zample den dis ve'y wife o' mine.

In de ve'y hea't o' midnight, w'en I's sleepin' good an' soun',  
I kin hyeah a so't o' rustlin' an' somebody movin' 'roun'.  
An' I say, "Lize, whut yo' doin'?" But she frown an' shek huh haid,  
"Hesh yo' mouf, I's only tu'nin' of de chillun in de bed."



“Don’ yo’ know a chile gits restless, layin’ all de night one way?  
 An’ yo’ got to kind o’ ’range him sev’al times befo’ de day?  
 So de little necks won’t worry, an’ de little backs won’t break;  
 Don’ yo’ t’ink ’cause chillun’s chillun dey haint got no pain an’  
 ache.”

So she shakes ’em, an’ she twists ’em, an’ she tu’ns ’em ’roun’  
 erbout,  
 ’Twell I don’ see how de chillun evah keeps f’um hollahin’ out.  
 Den she lif’s ’em up head down’ards, so’s dey won’t git livah-grown,  
 But dey snoozes des’ ez peaceful ez a liza’d on a stone.

W’en hit’s mos’ nigh time fu’ wakin’ on de dawn o’ jedgement day.  
 Seems lak I kin hyeah ol’ Gab’iel lay his trumpet down an’ say,  
 “Who dat walkin’ ’roun so easy, down an earf ermong de dead?”—  
 ’T will be Lizy up a-tu’nin’ of de chillun in de bed.



## A HUE AND CRY AFTER FAIR AMORET

William Congreve

1670-1729

---

*Congreve was the wit of the Restoration, a gentleman much sought after for the brilliance of his observations. He had a delicate sense of quality in human character, as is attested by his analysis of pretty Amoret.*

Fair Amoret is gone astray;  
 Pursue and seek her, every Lover;  
 I'll tell the Signs by which you may  
 The wand'ring Shepherdess discover.

Coquet and Coy at once her Air,  
 Both study'd, tho' both seem neglected;

---

Careless she is with artful Care,  
Affecting to seem unaffected.

With Skill her Eyes dart ev'ry Glance,  
Yet change so soon you'd ne'er suspect 'em;  
For she'd persuade they wound by chance,  
Tho' certain Aim and Art direct 'em.

She likes her self, yet others hates  
For that which in her self she prizes;  
And while she Laughs at them, forgets  
She is the Thing that she despises.

## DON'T LOSE CASTE

C. F. Davis

*The period in American poetry when orthodoxy was not to be questioned brought out miles of poems built on this general plan, but few with its arresting appeal.*

However humble a place I may hold  
Or lowly the trails I trod,  
There's a child who bases his faith on me,  
There's a dog who thinks I am God.

Lord, keep me worthy. Lord, keep me clean,  
And fearless and unbeguiled.  
Lest I lose caste in the sight of the dog,  
And the wide clear eyes of the child.

Lest there come in the years to be  
The blight of a withering grief,  
And a little dog mourn for a fallen god,  
And a child for his lost belief.





## THE PLAIDIE

Charles Sibley

---

*Duke. But she did scorn a present that I gave her.*

*Val. A woman sometimes scorns what best contents her.*

*Send her another; never give her o'er;  
For scorn at first makes after-love the more.  
If she do frown, 'tis not in hate of you,  
But rather to beget more love in you.  
If she do chide, 'tis not to have you gone;  
For why, the fools are mad if left alone.  
Take no repulse, whatever she doth say;  
For "get you gone," she doth not mean "away!"*

*—Two Gentlemen of Verona  
III, 1, 93*

Upon ane stormy Sunday,  
Coming adoon the lane,  
Were a score of bonnie lassies—  
And the sweetest I maintain  
Was Caddie,  
That I took unneath my plaidie,  
To shield her from the rain.

She said that the daisies blushed  
For the kiss that I had ta'en;  
I wadna hae thought the lassie  
Wad sae of a kiss complain:  
"Now, laddie!  
I winna stay under your plaidie,  
If I gang hame in the rain!"

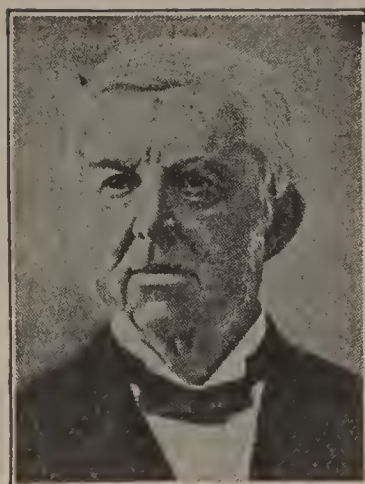
But, on an after Sunday,  
When cloud there was not ane,  
This selfsame winsome lassie  
(We chanced to meet in the lane),  
Said, "Laddie,  
Why dinna ye wear your plaidie?  
Wha kens but it may rain?"

# ODE FOR A SOCIAL MEETING

(With slight alterations by a  
teetotaler)

Oliver Wendell Holmes

1809-1894



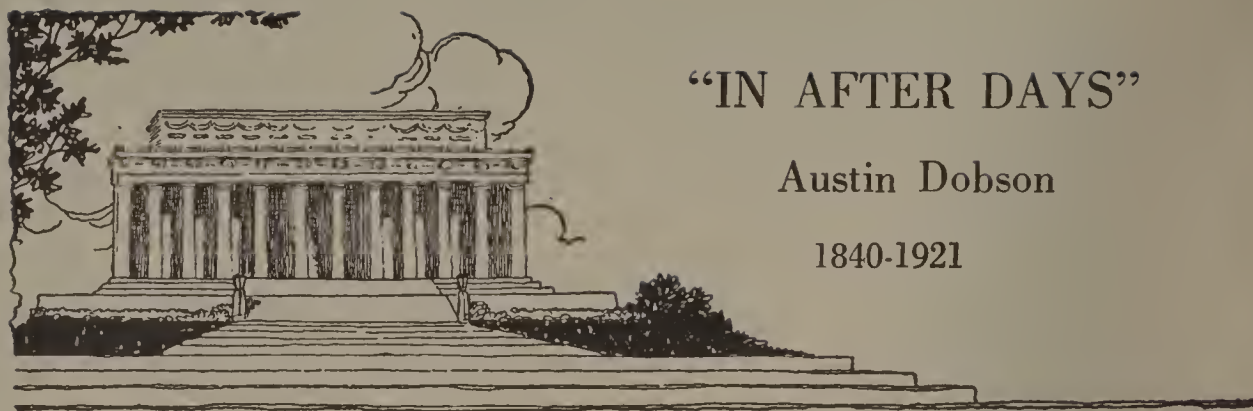
*Holmes once sent to a "committee for a certain celebration" the following poem in the original form. The committee accepted the poem with thanks, but added: "The sentiments expressed with reference to liquor, are not, however, those generally entertained by this community. I have, therefore, consulted the clergyman of this place who has made some slight changes."*

Come! fill a fresh bumper—for why should we go  
logwood  
While the ~~nectar~~ still reddens our cups as they flow?  
decoction  
Pour out the ~~rich juices~~ still bright with the sun,  
dye-stuff  
Till o'er the brimmed crystal the ~~rubies~~ shall run.

half-ripened apples  
The ~~purple globed clusters~~ their life-dews have bled;  
taste sugar of lead  
How sweet is the ~~breath~~ of the ~~fragrance they shed!~~  
rank poisons wines!!!  
For summer's ~~last roses~~ lie hid in the wines  
stable boys smoking long nines  
That were garnered by ~~maidens who laughed through the vines.~~

scowl howl scoff sneer  
Then a ~~smile~~, and a ~~glass~~, and a ~~toast~~, and a ~~cheer~~  
strychnine and whiskey, ratsbane and beer  
For ~~all the good wine, and we've some of it here!~~  
In cellar, in pantry, in attic, in hall,  
Down with the tyrant that masters us all.  
~~Long live the gay servant that laughs for us all.~~





## “IN AFTER DAYS”

Austin Dobson

1840-1921

*And if thou wilt remember  
And if thou wilt forget.*

—Christina Rossetti

In after days when grasses high  
O’ertop the stone where I shall lie,  
    Though ill or well the world adjust  
    My slender claim to honored dust,  
I shall not question or reply.

I shall not see the morning sky;  
I shall not hear the night-wind sigh;  
    I shall be mute, as all men must  
    In after days!

But yet, now living, fain were I  
That someone then should testify,  
    Saying—“He held his pen in trust  
    To Art, not serving shame or lust.”  
Will none?—Then let my memory die  
    In after days!



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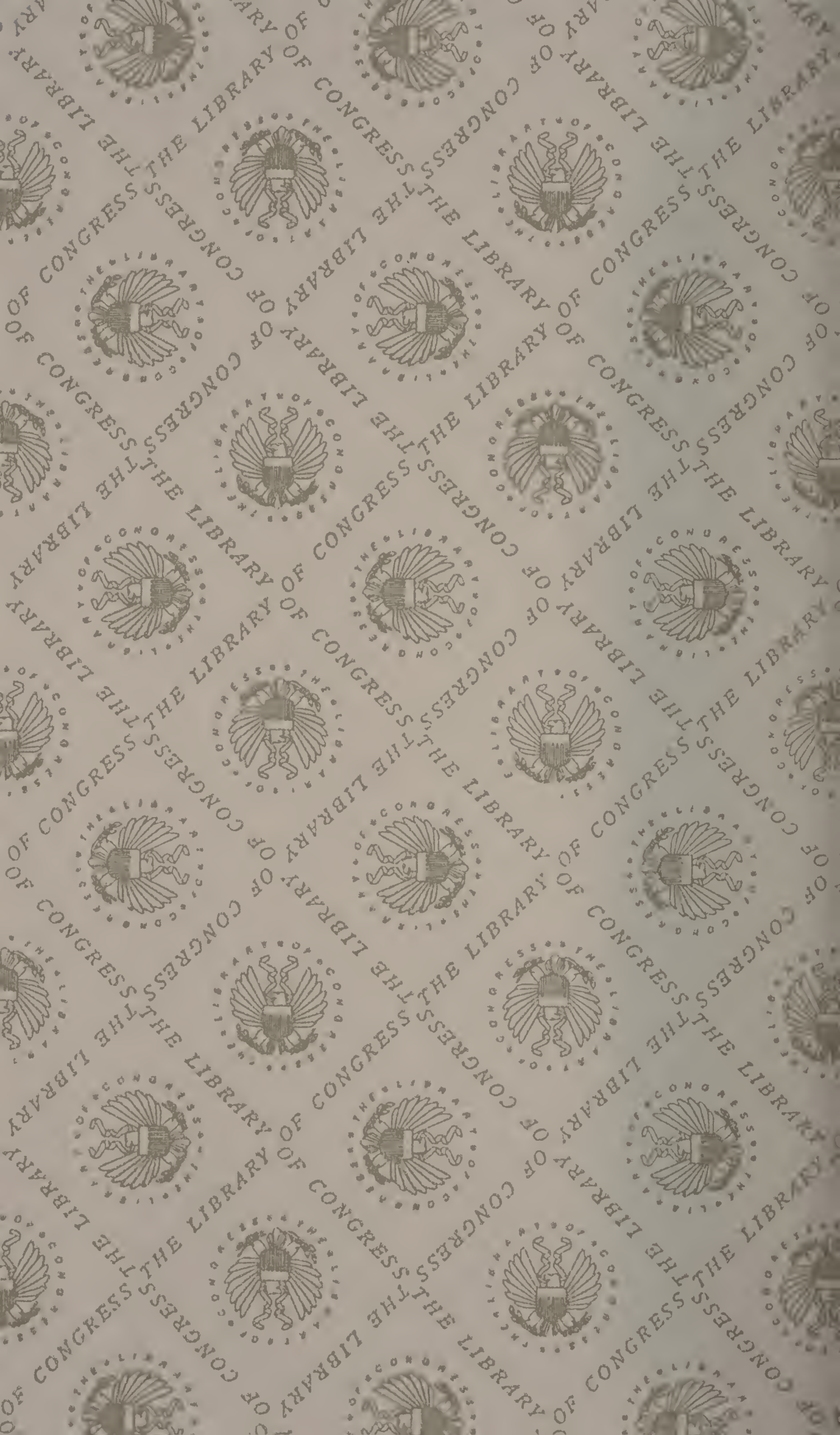
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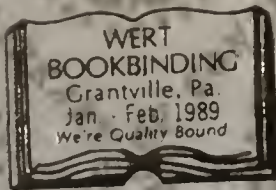
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